A New ACADEMY of

COMPLEMENTS;

OR,

The Lover's Secratary.

Being Wit and Mirth improv'd, by the most elegant Expressions us'd in the

Art of Courtship,

In divers Examples of Writing or Inditing LETTERS, relating either to

LOVE or BUSINESS.

Also *The Silent Language*; or, A Compleat Rule for discoursing by Motion of the Hand, without being understood by the Company. Together with Instructions for writing *Figure-Hand, Bills of Exchange, Receipts*, casting *Accompts, &c.* The Signification of MOLES, and Interpretation of DREAMS. A never-failing Method for Women to get good Husbands.

Likewise a pleasant *Dialogue* between six merry Gossips, paying a Visit to a Lying-in Woman.

To which is added,

A Choice Collections of above 120 *Love-Songs, Merry Catches*, and *Jovial Healths*; being the newest now extant. With plain Instructions for *Dancing*.

The Fourth Edition, with Additions.

Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.

London, Printed for *C. Bates*, in *Gilt-spur-street*, and *A. Betteſworth* on *London-bridge*, 1715.

Price One Shilling.

BRITISH MUSEUM

46
11-3
564

The PREFACE.

Courteous Reader,

WIthout Diſpute, *Eloquence* is a Qualification highly neceſſary to adorn both Sexes, more eſpecially the Female, whoſe *Tongues* often prove as attractive as their *Beauty*; for to ſee a quick and active Wit foil'd for Want of *Words*, makes a Man or Woman ſeem a Statue, as one dumb. Beſides, for want of *Aſſiſtance* in *writing*, *ſpelling*, and *pointing* true *Engliſh*, and putting it in a Stile adapt to the Purpoſe of either *Love* or *Buſineſs*, to Parents or Sweet-hearts, many Perſons have been oblig'd to abandon even the very *Thought of Writing*; and by this Means they have incurr'd the Diſpleaſure of their Friends, often to their irretrievable Detriment. In order therefore to prevent this Inconvenience for the future, a great Part of this *ſhort* (but *ſweet*) *Academy* was compos'd; which will, I hope, be found very uſeful not only to young Perſons, but thoſe of riper Years, who have labour'd under the Misfortune of a *ſlender Education*. And whereas *Letters* may be ſubject to *Miſcarriage* or *Interception*, and by that Means ſecret Buſineſs or Love-Intrigues are diſcover'd to thoſe who ſhould be kept wholly ignorant of 'em, I have here ſet down a Method of ſignifying one's Mind by *Figures*,

as alſo how to talk in Company without any Body underſtanding but the Party to whom you direct your Diſcourſe, which I call *The Silent Language*. In the reſt you'll find the Signification of *Moles* and *Dreams*, as alſo Directions for caſting up *Accompts*, together with all Sorts of *Weights*, *Meaſures*, and *Abbrevation of Words*; likewiſe above 100 *Love-Songs*, *merry Catches*, and *jovial Healths*; which will not only be a Remedy againſt Melancholy, but likewiſe divert evil Thoughts, that would otherwiſe ſeize the Spirits, and prove injurious to many. And for thoſe whoſe merry Diſpoſitions may incline 'em to *Dancing*, I have prefix'd a ſhort Scheme of the beſt modern *Country Dances* us'd in either Play-houſe or School, which (by obſerving the Directions here ſet down) the meaneſt Capacity may very eaſily attain to.

'Tis true, there has been divers Treatiſes publiſh'd of this Kind, but I can aſſure the courteous Reader, *few* or *none* have arriv'd to the Perfection of *this*, for *good Language* and *Diverſion*; and, without Diſpute, he'll find great Satisfation in the Peruſal of it. However, this I dare affirm, that if he finds but *as much* in the *Reading*, as I have done in *Writing* it, he'll have no Manner of Reaſon to repent the laying out his Money in purchaſing this beautiful Structure, ſo very beneficial to all in general.

Farewell.

THE CONTENTS.

Instructions to become acquainted upon accidentally meeting a Person. Page 1
Witty and ingenious Sentences to introduce and grace the Art of well-speaking, p. 10
Farther Improvements of the Art of well-speaking. p. 11
A Description of Eloquence, and the Advantages of speaking well, p. 13
Witty Questions and Answers for the Improvements of Conversation, p. 14
Instructions for writing of Letters, p. 19
Letters of Complement, p. 20
Answers to Letters of Complements, p. 28
Letters of Complaint, p. 29
Answers to Letters of Complaint, p. 31
Letters of Thanks, p. 32
Answers to Letters of Thanks, p. 34
Letters of Entreaty, p. 36
Answers to Letters of Entreaty, p. 37
An Answer of Excuse to a Letter of Entreaty; p. 39
Congratulatory Letters on some good Fortune happening to a Friend, p. 40
Answers to Letters of Congratulation, p. 41
A Letter to a Person of Quality, acknowleding some Favours receiv'd, p. 43
Letters to complain of Backbiting, p. 44
Answers to Letters of Backbiting, p. 45
Congratulatory Letters to new-marry'd Persons, p. 46
Answers to the same, p. 47

Letters profeſting Friendſhip, p. 48
Anſwers to Letters profeſting Friendſhip, p. 49
Letters to clear ones ſelf of a falſe Report, p. 50
Anſwers to the ſame, p. 52
A Letter from a Youth to his Parents, p. 53
A Letters of Promiſe to delay Time, &c. p. 54
A Letter from a Husband to his Wife and Children, ibid.
A Letter from one young Gentlewoman to another, p. 55
A Letter of Advice from a Father to his Son, p 56
A Letter of Thanks to a Father and Mother, p. 57
A Letter from a Maid-ſervant in London, *to one in the* Country, ibid.
A Letter from an Apprentice in London, *to his Maſter in the* Country, p. 59
A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle, ibid.
A plain downright Country Love-letter from Roger *to his Sweet-heart* Joan, p. 60
A Letter from a Wife to her Husband, p. 61
A Letter from a Lover to her Love, ibid.
Directions for Pointing, or the Uſe of Stops in writing or reading true Engliſh, p. 62
The true Method of writing Bills of Exchange, Receipts, &c. p. 63
The ſilent Language, by Motion of the Hand, p. 66
A never failing Method for Women to get good Husbands, p. 70
A Treatiſe of Moles in all Parts of the Body, and what their Signification, with relation to good or bad Fortune, p. 73
Of Dreams, and their Interpretation, p. 75
To expreſs Numbers *as well by* Letters *as* Figures, p. 77
Of Money, Weights, and Meaſures. p. 80
Tittle-Tattle; or, the Goſſips Feaſt, p. 86
Poſies for Rings, or other Things, p. 95
Mirth and Muſick; or, a Collection of the neweſt and choiceſt Songs ſung at either Play-houſe or Court; containing Love-Songs, merry Catches, and jovial Healths, p. 96
Inſtructions for Dancing, p. 156

WIT's Improvement:

Or, a New

Academy of Complements.

Instructions how to become acquainted upon accidentally meeting any Person.

R. SIR, I esteem it a singular Happiness, to have met with such good Company, seeing I have by this Means obtain'd the Favour to be acquainted with you.

B. Sir, if the same Chance which brought us together in this Place, did likewise render me capable of making my Friendship as useful to you, as your Goodness is pleas'd to esteem it acceptable, I should think my self double happy: But 'till Opportunity presents it self, I shall pray you to accept of the Good-will.

R. Sir, your Merits oblige me highly to esteem your Acquaintance, and desire your Love. And mine Intent, was, to make tender of my Service to you. But now I am doubly indebted to you, for preventing my Purpose, by proffering your Affection. I humbly thank you for it, and desire you reciprocally to accept of mine.

B. I kindly accept of your Proffer, conditionally that my respective Services may make you part of amends.

R. Sir, you will oblige me beyond the Power of my Acknowledgment. Your Love will be Honour sufficient for me, with Leave to come and visit you sometimes, to receive your Commands.

B. Sir, I will not say what my Duty binds me to; but I will pray you to believe, that my Desire of testifying it by Effects, is sincere, and shall appear upon the first Occasion as shall present it self. In the mean Time, I shall be glad, for the enjoying of your good Company, to see you at your own Home.

R. Sir, you shall be always heartily welcome to me.

When one makes a Visit.

A. SIR, when I first had the Honour to be acquainted with you, your Courtesie did so far engage me, that I am not able sufficiently to acknowledge it. I have made bold to come to visit you, and give you Thanks for it, and assure you of the continuing ever devoted to your Service.

B. Sir, I do not think my self able to give sufficient Respects to so high a Merit, but assure your self, my Good-will shall never be wanting. You oblige me infinitely in coming to see me, and are extraordinary welcome.

A. Sir, you will overcome me with your Courtesies, and much engage me every Time you come to visit me; I fear you will at last force me to remain ingrateful, having not where-withal to requite your Favour. But tell me, I pray, how have you done ever since our last Interview?

B. Very well, Sir, at your Service. And how hath it been with you?

A. Truly

A. Truly, Sir, I have not been very well, but that shall not hinder me however from serving such as have esteem'd me worthy of their Love.

To invite a Friend to Dinner.

A. SEeing, Sir, you have so long honour'd me with your good Company, I shall intreat you, Sir, to stay and take Part of a Dinner.

B. Sir, I most humbly thank you; I am fully satisfy'd by finding you in good Health.

A. I pray, Sir, let me stay you a little longer; we may talk a little farther at Dinner, if you please to have Patience to stay so long.

B. Sir, If in so doing I might do you any Service; or if my Presence were capable of yielding you any Content, I should easily condescend to it; but I doubt I should rather be troublesome to you.

A. Pardon me, Sir, your Company is so acceptable, I pray do me that Courtesie.

B. Sir, I have Business which requires a present Dispatch, and therefore I shall intreat you to excuse me.

A. Sir, I would be loath to be your Hinderance, and am sorry I cannot have the Happiness to enjoy your good Company any longer.

B. And I am sorry I cannot at this Time accept of your kind Proffer, for which notwithstanding I remain thankful to you.

A. It shall then be at another Time, when you are more at Leisure.

B. Sir, I shall be at any Time ready to obey your Commands.

Another from where the Invitation is accepted.

A. SIR, since it hath been my good Hap to meet you at this present, let me desire you to come and take Part of a Dinner with me.

B. Sir, If I could do you any Service therein, I would willingly bear you Company, but my Presence will be both unuseful and troublesome to you.

A. I pray, Sir, use no such Excuses, your Company is most pleasing, but you fear your Chear will be but bad.

B. Pardon me, Sir, I know your House affords none but good Entertainment; and because you shall not think I have any such Thought, I will do as you please.

A. You shall be exceeding welcome; do me that extraordinary Favour, and we will relate the News of these Times 'till Dinner is ready.

B. Sir, I have a little Business to dispatch, which I would willingly make an End of this Morning; I pray give me Leave to give Order for doing it, and I will return immediately.

A. I pray do not fail, for I will expect you.

B. I will return without Delay.

At his Return.

B. SIR, I crave Pardon for having caus'd you to stay so long.

A. Sir, you come in very good Time, and now I see you are a Man of your Word.

B. I wish I could as well perform all Things else whereunto your Quality and my Duty oblige me.

A. Pray, Sir, be pleas'd to seat your self.

B. After you, Sir, is Manners.

A. No,

A. No, Sir, I pray ſit there; that Place is reſerv'd for you.

B. I muſt obey you, Sir; I had rather be uncivil than troubleſome.

At the End of Dinner.

A. SIR, I pray excuſe your bad Entertainment at this preſent, and at another Time we ſhall endeavour to make you Amends.

B. Truly, Sir, it hath been very Good, without any Defect, and therefore needs no Excuſe.

A. However, your Welcome was hearty; and I ſhall deſire to teſtifie my cordial Affection ſome other way more worthy your ſelf.

B. Sir, I have ſo many Teſtimonies of your good Will, that I am aſham'd it lies not in my Power to requite the leaſt of them. I will expect when your Commands ſhall give me Opportunity to do it, and ſo I thank you for my good Chear, and humbly take my Leave of you.

A. Farewel, Sir.

And if he chance to ſtay after Dinner, he that invited him, may ſay,

A. SIR, will it pleaſe you to paſs the Time at ſome Recreation, leaſt it ſeem tedious to you after your indifferant Entertainment.

B. Sir, it cannot ſeem long in your good Company.

A. Your good Nature makes you take all Things patiently, and in good Part; but how ſhall we paſs away the Afternoon? Do you delight in Paſtime, Sir?

B. Sir, I will agree to any good Motion.

A. Had you not rather, Sir, take a Walk?

B. Your

B. Your good Company is more than ſufficient for me.

A. Sir, I know where very pleaſant Walks are, and there will be choice of young Gentlemen and Gentlewomen; if you pleaſe, we will walk thither.

B. Sir, I am bound to obey you, and you will do me a great Favour, in the Enjoyment of your good Converſation.

To court a Gentlewoman upon honourable Terms.

MAdam, I account this to be the happieſt Day I ever had in all the Courſe of my Life, wherein I have the Honour of being acquainted with you.

Sir, if I knew any Thing in me worthy your Merits, I ſhould think my ſelf oblig'd to employ it in honouring of you. But finding nothing but Imperfection and Weakneſs, I believe the Knowledge of me will hardly yield you any Content, much leſs Happineſs.

Madam, I find ſo many Perfections in your Ladyſhip, that I am oblig'd to honour them with all my Power, and offer you my moſt humble Service.

Sir, it is your Courteſy and fair Language that would willingly excuſe my Defects, to make your Sufficiency appear ſo much the more.

Pardon me, Madam; it is the charming Power of your Vertues and Merits, which oblige me not only to honour and ſerve you, but alſo to deſire ſome Share and Intereſt in your Affections.

Sir, whatſoever a Maid with Honour may do, you may requeſt of me, I reſpect your Quality, admire your Vertues, and wiſh you a Happineſs befitting your magnanimous Deſigns.

Madam, I aſſure you my Deſires and Affections are good; and if your Wiſhes proceed from as ſincere a

Will,

Will, as it hath Power to be favourable to me, I shall think my self the happiest Man in the World.

Sir, I shall desire your Pardon, my Understanding is not so acute as to penetrate your Intentions; that which I speak, is in Simplicity, having no other Design, but to yield you such Respect as I know you deserve.

Madam, I do indeed wrong you in perswading you to that which I have not yet made appear by any true Proof. But notwithstanding, I must tell you, that your Perfections have so amaz'd my Senses and Affections, that I resolv'd never to love nor serve any but you. I only intreat you to accept my Service and Affection, and give an Effect to your own Desire.

Sir, as I cannot be perswaded you would fix your Thoughts, much less your Designs, upon one so little deserving, so need you not trouble your self to testify your good Will by any Effects. I am content with the Honour of knowing you, and wish with all my Heart your good Fortune may guide you to meet a Match becoming your Worth.

Madam, I have not so far forgotten my self, as to misconstrue your Merits and Perfections. I have propos'd unto my self an unfeign'd Resolution to Honour and serve you with mine uttermost Endeavours, and your Refusal cannot lessen my Affections. Suffer me then to stile my self your Servant.

Sir, I am not at mine own disposing, therefore cannot accept your noble Proffer; but if you can perswade my Parents to like of the Affection you say you bear me, I shall esteem my self much honour'd by your Love, and shall be ready to yield to any Thing that shall agree with my Honour, to render full Assurance of my Love.

Madam, you oblige me infinitely, and I thank you as heartily. I shall take an Occasion to acquaint your Friends with my sincere Intentions. Honour me in

the

the mean Time with your Commands, and give me leave to kiss your fair Hand.

Sir, I am your most humble Servant.

To accost a Lady, and enter into Discourse with her.

I Believe Nature brought you forth to be a Scourge to Lovers, for she hath been seen so prodigal of her Favours towards you, that it renders you as admirable as you are amiable.

Or, I wonder at so many Perfections as you are endow'd with; for I do not believe the World affords one more accomplish'd.

Or, I find my self happy in being honour'd with your Presence, for my Desires aspir'd only to this Favour.

Or, I pray, let it not seem strange unto you, that I make bold to come to entertain you.

Or, The Desire I have to testify the Fidelity of my Service, causeth me to aspire to the Happiness of enjoying your sweet Company.

Or, Your Presence is so dear unto me, your Conversation so honest, your Humour so pleasing, that I could desire to be with you perpetually.

[Thus you may see how to speak to her: But here you must note, that if it be a Lady to whom you had never spoke before, and with whom you are fallen passionately in Love, and towards whom you were resolv'd to continue your Love, you should proceed in this Manner.]

Pardon my Rashness, if I presume so far as to offer my Service unto you, your Beauty hath so far prevail'd over me, that I have long desir'd to attain to the Honour of speaking to you.

Or, Though I have not been so happy to be known to you by any Service, yet the Zeal I bear to

your

your Obedience, hath oblig'd me to come and salute you.

Or, I believe you will not take my Boldness in evil Part, for presuming to come and see you; for it is with a full Intent to serve you.

Or, Your Merits have so much Power over me, that they oblige me to offer up my Heart wholly to you.

Or, If you accuse me of Temerity, you must lay your own Beauty in Fault, with which I am so taken, that my Heart is ravish'd from me, and wholly subjected to you.

[You may make Use of such Language, and pursuing your Intents, reflect always upon your Constancy; shewing by your Discourses, that you are truly in Love, and so discreet and faithfully, that none can be comparable to you.]

To entertain a Lady amongst Company.

LET us leave these Gentlemen to court their Ladies, and we will take our Quarters apart, in the End we will not be any Thing behind-hand with them.

Or, I am happier than those Gentlemen, who have but each one Lady to court, I have two (or more.)

Or, One can impute no Defect unto us, for our Number is perfect (being three.)

Or, I can assure you I am very glad I am honour'd with your good Company, and esteem it is a great Happiness.

Or, I could not have made a better Choice than you, Ladies, if I may have the Honour to entertain you 'till the Company breaks up.

Or, I would willingly have a second; for I feel my self too weak alone, against you all.

Or, I had need to have *Tully*'s Eloquence, to entertain you according to your Merits.

Wity

Witty and ingenious Sentences, to introduce and grace the Art of Well ſpeaking.

SIR, the Ocean's not ſo boundleſs as the Obligations you daily heap on me.

I'll lodge 'em in my Boſom, and always keep 'em in my Heart.

Other ſeem glimmering Stars, when compar'd with you, who out-ſhine 'em like bright *Luna*.

Sir, I muſt enroul you in the Catalogue of my deareſt Friends.

You over-charge me with too great a Favour, in your condeſcending to pay me this Viſit.

Such Endearments will too much impoveriſh my Gratitude.

I ſhall do an Injury to your Merit, not to honour you.

You have the Power to ſteer me as you pleaſe.

You walk in artificial Clouds, and bathe your wanton Lips in ſweet Dalliances.

Your Language is more dubious than an Oracle.

The Muſick of the Spheres is not ſo raviſhing as your Voice.

You are the Glory of your Sex, and bear the Palm of Beauty from them all.

Report could never have gotten a ſweeter Air to fly in, than your Breath.

You are Fortune's Darling, and you ſleep in her Boſom.

Not the Mountain Ice congeal'd to Cryſtal, is more bright than you.

Farewel, fair Regent of my Soul, you ſtill oblige my Gratitude.

I'll rather doubt an Oracle, than queſtion what you deliver.

It is my Duty to obey all your Commands.

The

The unblown Rose, the Crystal, nor Diamond, are not more pure than you.

My Entertainment hath confirm'd my Welcome.

As a kind Sun to a New-born Spring, so are your gracious Favours to my new-born Soul.

Sure Winter dwells upon your coy Lips, the Snow is not more cold.

You have the Power to sway me as you please.

The Sun never met the Summer with more Joy.

I prize your chaste Love above all the Wealth of *India*.

Your Tongue is as smooth as Oil with courtly Flatteries.

You have Inflam'd me with the Ardency of your Deserts.

Sir, you cast your Eyes too much upon the Flame of Beauty, which moves to your Ruin.

I totally submit my self to your Directions, govern me as it pleases you.

The Vertues of your Mind would compel a Stone to become a Lover, and devote himself your humble Servant.

Sir, your noble Deeds transcend all Precedents.

Farther Improvements of the Art of well-speaking.

THE Dignity of Truth is lost in much protesting.

No Hell so low which Lust and Women cannot lead unto,

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot bring about.

When a Woman hath lost her Chastity, she hath no more to lose.

When

When ſtormy Clouds appear, wiſe Men put on their Cloaks to ſave them from a ſhower.

The worſt Deeds are often made good with Succeſs.

Blind is the Cenſure of Uncertainties.

Reaſon is the Miſtreſs of Experience.

A Politician muſt, like Lightning, melt the Marrow, but not pierce the Skin.

Envy ſtands on Tiptoe to pull down Innocency.

Too much Indulgence is not Love, but Hate.

Time wears out what Art and Nature cannot repair.

Women are like *Venice* Glaſſes, one Crack ſpoils them.

Libels are ſtifled by taking no Notice of them.

He is next in Right that hath the ſtrongeſt Power.

Where Diſtaſte begins, Friendſhip ends.

Diſcretion is the better Part of Valour.

Good Wits are the greateſt in Extremity.

True Love is a Servant, brutiſh Luſt a Tyrant.

Hope is a Bait that covers the Hook of Affliction.

Great Sorrow ſtruggles inward, and is always dumb.

Duty muſt not aſſume the Name of Merit.

Love is the ſovereign Vertue of the Soul.

The Sun that ſets, doth riſe again; ſo a clouded Fortune may again ſhine bright.

A Feaſt of Marriage, is not Luſt, but Love.

Love is ever a Slave to Hope.

The wiſe Man foreſees Dangers, which the Fool ruſhes into.

A Description of Eloquence, and the Advantages of speaking well.

ELoquence is by the Ancients call'd *Nature's Garment*, as it covers the Soldier with Arms for Defence, the Senator with a Gown for Profit, and is a curious Garment for the Courtier and Statesman; it likewise covers the Citizen with Pleasure and Profit, it consociateth the remotest Regions of Men's Hearts, by the Participation of one another's Thoughts; and we can call Discourse by no apter Title, than the Vehicle of the Thoughts.

These were the ancient Decrees of Truth; they thought it a Happiness to have their Understandings enlightn'd with a VVeight of Labour to search it, but the Glory of human Nature to speak it; Thoughts are but the Children of the Heart, as Speech is of the Thoughts, the Prudence of worse Doctrine is of excellent Use to all who view it, either in Class of Divinity or Policy, or even in the building up of the Fabrick of Mens own Fortunes.

The Perfection of the Art of speaking to others, consists in a Volubility of Application; and if a Person can come up to the Excellence of it, he may speak to a hundred Persons, and yet vary his Stile to each. Thus *Alexander* the Great did, when he encouraged his Soldiers to give Battel to the *Persians*; he represented to 'em avaricious Hopes of Treasure, and enriching themselves by Plunder; the Ambitious he incens'd with aspiring to Honour, and the Malicious he provok'd with the Remembrance of the former Grudges and Hatred between the two Nations. And *Seneca* approves not Speech to be at all excellent when VVords are not quicken'd with the Life of Reason, but are only utter'd with the Plausibility of the Speaker, which sets an Edge or Point on Speech to enter much sooner

ſooner the Affections, than dull or ſlow Expreſſions: nor would it be unneceſſary to have the ſeveral Forms of Speech, of ſuddain Queſtions, of ſuſpended Anſwers, and a great Variety of others, of which there are not wanting in this Book, and in which it may be thought no ſmall Policy conſiſts, together with the Apprehenſions of the Colours of Praiſe, Vice, and Vertue; but in the Uſe of theſe, you may rather crave a Largeneſs of Underſtanding to turn your ſelf in with Dexterity, than to be ty'd to the Streightneſs of a few Rules of Remembrance; to have Wiſdom grounded in the Heart, rather than too much in the Tongue, is the more advantageous for a Politician.

VVords on all Occaſions ought to become the Perſon that uſes them; as, If you ſpeak before thoſe that are nobler or learned, you muſt make an Oration worthy of their hearing: If to one of lower Degree, and meaner Capacity, your Stile muſt be adapted to his Underſtanding. And ſo of other Matters.

Witty Queſtions and Anſwers for the Improvement of Converſation.

Queſt. WHY is a Tooth drawer reckon'd an unreaſonable Calling?

Anſw. *Becauſe he takes away that from People that they ſhould feed themſelves withal.*

Q. VVhy is *Cupid* painted bare headed?

A. To ſhew that between true Lovers there ſhould be nothing cover'd or conceal'd.

Q. VVhat ſaid the 'Squire, when he found his Man *Roger* a bed with his Wife?

A. Well done, Roger, *after me is Manners.*

Q. VVhat is a Chamber-maid like?

A. A Lottery, for you may draw a great many Blanks before ye get a Prize.

Q. VVhy

Q. Why ſhould a Man chuſe a little Wife?

A. *Always of two Evils, chuſe the leaſt.*

Q. When may a Lover ſafely fall out with his Miſtreſs?

A. *When he has ſo far got the Aſcendant, that he is ſure he can fall in with her again.*

Q. What may be ſaid of a Man who is in love with a laſcivious Woman?

A. *That he is nodding in a Chimney-corner, and ready to fall in the Fire.*

Q. What ſaid ſhe to her Husband, that undertook to name many Perſons whom he affirm'd to be Cuckolds?

A. *Why truly, Husband, you are juſt ſuch another Man.*

Q. What Creature is that which bites with his Tongue?

A. *The Flatterer and Paraſite; for when the Emperor Otho was flatter'd by one of his Courtiers, he aſk'd him, why he bet him?*

Q. Why is a Whore's Trade oppoſite to all others?

A. *Becauſe ſhe ſets up without Credit, and ſo much Cuſtom breaks her.*

Q. What is a meer Scholar?

A. *An intelligible Aſs.*

Q. Why is the Language of a Scold moſt moving?

A. *Becauſe no Man in his Wits will ſtay to hear her rattle.*

Q. What is the ſuddeneſt and moſt ſucceſsful Way of addreſſing a Widow?

A. *Briskly to tell her you come to plough her up, and ſhe muſt lye fallow no longer.*

Q. If a Man calls his Wife Whore, what follows by Conſequence?

A. *That he is a Cuckold.*

Q. Why are ſome People jealous?

A. *Becauſe ſuch Perſons as are jealous, are often naught themſelves, and meaſure their Husband's Corn by their own Buſhels.*

Q. What

Q. What said the Tyler to his Man, when he fell through the Rafters of the House to the Bottom.

A. *Well done, I faith, I like such a Servant as thou art, who can go through his Work so nimbly.*

Q. What said the distracted Fellow in *Bedlam*, when he was ask'd if he was marry'd?

A. *He laugh'd, saying, he wonder'd they should ask him such a silly Question, for he thank'd God he was not so mad yet.*

Q. What is the profitable Sign which one that has a handsom Wife, can hang at his Door?

A. *His own Picture with a Pair of Horns on, and then he need not want Customers.*

Q. What is an Ale-house-keeper?

A. *He is none of his own; for he neither eats, drinks, nor sleeps, but at other Mens Charges, and grows fat by their Leanness.*

Q. What said the Fellow that had lost one of his Ears for his former Fact, and was about to lose t'other.

A. *Why, what unconscionable Fellows are you, must I find you with Ears for every Sessions, when there are so many present that can spare an Ear better than I?*

Q. What said the Taylor's Boy, who giving a Bill to a Gentleman, he desir'd the Money, and was told by him, he was not running away?

A. *Why truly, Sir, said he, if you are not running away, I can assure you my Master is.*

Q. What Trick did a Spendthrift Scholar use to get Money from his Father, who had before refus'd to send him any?

A. *He writ a melancholly Letter, assuring him he was dead, and intreated him to send ten Pounds to defray his Funeral Charges.*

Q. What said the Gentleman to the Thief, when he heard him breaking into his House in the Night time?

A. *Stay, Friend, but one Hour longer, and then I shall be asleep.*

Q. What

Q. What Answer did the Poet give the Beggar, who told him he had a License to beg?

A. *Lice*, saith he, *thou may'st in all Likelihood have, but for Sense I am sure thou hast none, to beg Money of a Poet.*

Q. What is a Bawd most like to?

A. *A Medlar; for she is never ripe 'till she is rotten.*

Q. Why are short and dim-sighted People more given to love Women than those that can see well?

A. *Because they cannot discern the unhandsome Features and Imperfections in a Woman so well as others.*

Q. What is the meaning of that Word Marriage?

A. *Marry at Age; not as Boys and Girls do in our Time, to the Shame of their Parents or Relations who suffer it, or rather properly clap them together like a* Smithfield *Bargain, for Advantage, though in Time it may prove ruinous to their Peace, Health, and Estate.*

Q. What said the Cuckold to the Boy that star'd him In the Face when he ask'd him why he did so?

A. *Why, Gaffer*, quoth the Boy, *for no Hurt, but because every Body said you had Horns on your Forehead. I look'd, and indeed, Gaffer, I could see none.*

Q. How should a Man behave himself to a coy Lady?

A. *Like a Soldier in the Field, bear up briskly, and charge her home.*

Q. Why is a Soldier said to be of such Antiquity?

A. *Because he keeps up the old Fashion when the first Bed was on the bare Ground.*

Q. What said the Fellow, when a Nobleman bid him hold his Horse, and he ask'd if one alone could do it, and was answer'd yes?

A. *Why then, if it be but one Body's Work, you may e'en do it your self.*

Q. What said one to a Lady that had a great many Patches on?

A. *He bid her beware of laughing, lest she shew'd two Faces.*

Q. Why is Marriage compar'd to a Sea-Voyage?

A. Becauſe if Men have not good Fortune in it, they are very likely to be caſt away or ruin'd.

Q. What may be ſaid of a covetous rich Miſer?

A. That he ſtarves in Plenty, and freezes before the Fire, he makes ſuch a little one.

Q. A cowardly Captain ask'd a Soldier, if he knew him or not?

A. Not your Face, Sir, that I have ſeldom ſeen; but your Back I do know, which I have often ſeen.

Q. What ſaid the Country Fellow, when he was ask'd to go to Bed with his Bride on the Wedding-Night?

A. Not I, by my Troth, ſaid he, *I will not lye with a ſtrange Woman, I will go to my Mother.*

Q. Why is Wealth look'd on to be better than Wit?

A. Becauſe few Poets are choſen Aldermen, or put into great Places.

Q. Why are Taylors ſo much in Eſteem?

A. Becauſe they are Men of great Reckoning.

Q. A certain Perſon ask'd his Comrade, why he had ſuch a mighty Averſion to Eggs?

A. Becauſe, ſaid he, *my Father had the unhappy Misfortune to ſtand in the Pillory for a very trifling Matter.*

Q. A City-Dame ask'd her Husband, Why may not I go as fine, and junket as well as my Neighbours?

A. Indeed, ſays he, *if they affect beaſtly Heads, I don't.*

INSTRUCTIONS

For Writing of

LETTERS.

NOthing is so common as writing of Letters; but to set them forth well, is a very difficult Task. The Necessity of conversing one with another so long as we live, causes every one to meddle with it. For ignorant Men, as well as literate, have frequent Occasion to communicate by Letters with their absent Friends; but, for the most Part, learned Men only can perform it handsomly. To learn it, one ought to have fair Examples to imitate, and good Precepts to guide him. Wherefore I have here set down a short Instruction, containing the principal Rules of this Art. He that will indite Letters well, ought to take care of two Things; namely, the Matter, and the Form.

The Matter of Letters.

THe Matter of Letters is any Thing that may be discours'd of, without any Exception. For any Thing as may be spoken to a Friend, by Word of Mouth, when he is present, may, in his Absence, be written to him; I mean, if Wisdom will suffer it. For every Body knows that it is not always fitting to

truſt a Secret to a Paper, which may be loſt, and fall into a Stranger's Hands.

This Matter varieth according to the Letters which one uſeth to write, be it concerning Buſineſs, or Complement.

Letters of Buſineſs, are of ſeveral Sorts.

LEtters of Buſineſs, are thoſe that treat of Things that concern us; and they are of ſeveral Kinds, as Letters of Advice, Counſel, Command, Intreaty, Recommendation, offering of Aſſiſtance, Complaint, and the like.

Letters of Advice.

LEtters of Advice, are thoſe which give our Frien to underſtand how Buſineſſes go, either theirs, or ours, or other Folks. And as this is the common Kind of Letters, ſo it is the plaineſt, for it carrieth Matter along with it, ſo that one need not trouble his Brains to invent it. You need only relate how Buſineſſes go, even in the ſame Manner as you would do it by Word of Mouth; yet with this Reſerve, that you write not raſhly any Thing that may do you or your Friends wrong, if it ſhould be diſclos'd; which you muſt take Care of, eſpecially when you ſpeak of great Men, State-buſineſs, *&c.*

Letters of Counſel.

LEtters of Counſel are of two Kinds; for they are written either to thoſe as deſire your Counſel, or to ſuch as do not expect it.

The firſt requires not much Skill. You may begin with ſome ſmall Complement, excuſing your Inſufficiency, ſaying, That ſome who are endow'd with better Underſtanding, could adviſe him better; yet ſince

ſmuch he doth ſo much reſpect you, as to aſk your Counſel, you will not refuſe to give it him. Then you may declare what you think fitting for him to do; and confirm your Saying with Reaſons drawn from what is fitting, profitable, or delightful, taking Care that your Reaſons be fitted to the State and Condition of him whom in concerns; concluding with a Wiſh, that the Reſolution he takes, may prove for his Good and Content.

In the ſecond, you may follow ſome ſuch-like Method. Firſt, You may excuſe your ſelf for intruding to give Counſel, before you be requir'd ſo to do, ſaying, you are bound unto it by the Bonds of Friendſhip. Not that you any way miſtruſt his own Sufficiency; but knowing how much the Buſineſs in Hand concerns him, you believe he will not take it ill, if you tell him what you think of the Buſineſs, which you would forbear to do to another, whom you lov'd not ſo intirely: but that you are confident he will take your Freeneſs here in good Part, as proceeding from a Heart full fraught with moſt tender Affection towards him. Which done, you may fall upon the Matter; and after you have ſet down your Advice, confirm it with good Reaſons, ſhewing that which you adviſe him to be both honeſt, profitable, and pleaſant, handling your Reaſons according to the Perſon you deal with; for vertuous Men, and People of Quality, will be moſt mov'd by what concerns their Reparation, when Men of mean Condition will have more Reſpect to their Profit. Young Folks will be carry'd away with Pleaſure, whereas old Men look moſt after Gain. Then you may add (eſpecially if you write to a better Man than yourſelf, or to one whom you reſpect) that you refer it to his Diſcretion, to do as he ſhall think fitting; and that you have not declar'd your own Thoughts, (meaning that they ſhould be no Rule to him) but that he conferring them with his own Diſcretion, ſhould ſuggeſt; or with what ſome other of his Friends ſhould adviſe

him, might more eaſily reſolve what to do. Ending with a Prayer and hearty Ejaculation to God to bleſs his Reſolution, giving it an Iſſue according to his own Deſire and Content. But if you write to your Inferior, or to ſome one whom you are very intimate and familiar with, you may exhort him to follow the Advice you give him, ſhewing him, that if he continue it, it is to be fear'd ſome Evil may befal him.

The Form of Writing Letters.

BY Form, I mean all that is requir'd in Letters (beſide the Matter) to frame them well.

Parts.

Herein I place in the firſt Rank the Parts of Letters, which are either common or particular.

Common Parts of Letters are theſe, which are alike in all Letters; as Superſcription, and Subſcription.

Superſcription.

The Superſcription of Letters is twofold, the one external, the other internal. The outward Superſcription is that which is on the Out-ſide of Letters when they are folded up, and containeth the Name and Titles of him to whom we write, and his Place of Abode. But the chief Things we muſt take Care of herein, are his Titles, to give every one ſuch as befit him, or he deſires to have; otherwiſe, his Letters are not well accepted of, and breed Diſtaſte.

When we give a Title to a Prince, write, *To his Highneſs Prince*———. When to an Ambaſſador, *To his Excellency*, &c. When to a Lord, *To the Honourable*, &c. When to an Arch-Biſhop, *To the moſt Reverend Father in God*, &c. When to a Biſhop, *To the Right Reverend*, &c. When to the inferior Clergy, *To the Reverend*,

Reverend, &c. When to a Mayor or Alderman, *To the Worſhipful*, &c.

To other Perſons we write, *To Mr. N.* together with their Titles, Office, or Profeſſion, at *Paris*, *Rome*, *York*, *Holland*, or *London*.

When we write to our Inferiors, and ſuch as are of mean Quality, we uſe Abbreviates in the Superſcription, in this Manner: *To Maſter N.* or, *To Mr. N.*

We muſt obſerve the like Difference in writing to Women.

For to a Princeſs, or great Lady, we muſt write, *To the Lady N.* with her other Titles and Qualities, leaving ſome Diſtance between the firſt and ſecond Line. Wherein note, that we give the Title of *Lady*, not only to thoſe whoſe Husbands are *Lords*, but alſo to others of meaner Rank, *Madam N.*

The inward Superſcription is that which is ſet within-ſide of Letters, uſing Titles of Lord or Maſter, Lady or Miſtreſs, at the Beginning in a Line a-part, with a great Diſtance between that and the ſecond Line; as, Sir,

I have receiv'd your Letters, &c.

But thoſe whom we will not ſhew ſo much Reſpect unto, we joyn it with the Body of the Letter in thin Manner, *Sir, I have underſtood*, &c.

Thoſe who are of Kin, add, after the Title of *Maſter* or *Miſtreſs*, their Degree of Kindred; as *Sir and moſt loving Uncle*; or, *Miſtreſs, and moſt loving Couſin*. But we muſt not uſe this in external or outward Superſcriptions; for ſometimes it is not fitting that thoſe who carry the Letters, ſhould know there is an Alliance between the Parties which write to one another. We do not ſet down his Name whom we write to in the inward Superſcription, unleſs it be to one of mean Condition, as if one ſhould write to ſome Tradeſman, in this Kind, — *Mr.* Ormond, *I would deſire you*, &c. or *Mrs.* Chopin, *as ſoon as you ſhall*

receive the Letter, &c. or *Maſter*, *Partner*, or *Mrs. Ann*.

In the Body of the Letters, we uſe to give great ones the Titles of Highneſs or Excellency, according to the Cuſtom; and we alſo reiterate the Name of Lord or Maſter, when we will ſhew him Reſpect, though he be not of any high Condition.

Subſcription.

Thy Subſcription is plac'd at the lower End of the Letter; and, in writing to great ones, muſt be fram'd in this Kind: *Your moſt humble and moſt obedient Servant, N.* or, *Your moſt obedient and moſt obliged Servant, N.* To thoſe of leſſer Degree, *Your moſt humble, and moſt affectionate Servant*; or, *Your humble and affectionate Servant.* And to thoſe of yet meaner Condition, *Your affectionate, to do you any Courteſy.* If it be a Woman that writes, ſhe ſhall ſay, *Your Servant*, &c.

When we write to Perſons of Quality, we muſt leave a great Diſtance between the Body of the Letter and the Subſcription, the Body of the Letter always uſing to end with, *My Lord*, *Sir*, or *Madam*, or *Miſtreſs*, in a Line apart, diſtant a mean Space from that which precedes. Otherwiſe we leave not ſo much neither in one nor the other.

When thoſe who are akin, write to one another, the greater doth well expreſs the Degree of Kindred in the Beginning of his Letters; but he that is of the meaner Quality, muſt be content to ſpecify it in the Subſcription.

Beſide the Subſcription, we uſe to ſet down the Date, as alſo the Place from whence you write. But it is not always convenient to mention the Place, and then you may omit it. Some uſe to ſet down the Date above their Letters, before the Titles of Sir, or Madam.

The particular Parts of Letters, are thoſe which vary

in

in all Letters, as the Exordium, Diſcourſe, and Concluſion.

Exordium.

An ordinary Exordium contains ſome ſmall Complement to inſinuate your ſelf into his or her Favour to whom you write, and a ſhort Propoſal of what you intend to ſay. But we do not uſe any ſuch Thing but only in long Letters, which ſpeak of Affairs of Concernment; for otherwiſe we preſently fall upon the Matter.

Concluſion.

In the Concluſion, we uſe to teſtify our Affection, and ſet down our hearty Wiſhes or Prayers for his Proſperity to whom we write.

Diſcourſe.

The Diſcourſe of Letters is various, according to the Matter therein contain'd. We commonly obſerve no Order therein, but ſpeak of Things as they chance to fall under our Pen, not caring much, or ſtanding upon any Connexion; unleſs ſometimes in Letters of Anſwer, we follow the Order of Letters which we write an Anſwer to, uſing ſome ſmall Tranſition when we come to ſome Matter which differs from the former. And ſo much concerning the Parts of a Letter.

Stile.

In the ſecond Place, the Stile and Phraſe of Letters is to be conſider'd; it ought to ſavour of Careleſſneſs, not much differing from our ordinary Manner of ſpeaking. Rhetorical Figures, eſpecially Exclamations, Apoſtropha's, Proſopopeia's, and the like, are no ways fitting in them no more than long Periods. But in Leters of Complement, we may ſupply

the Barrenneſs of Matter by Smoothneſs of Words. And in all Letters there muſt be ſome Elegance and Grace, which may invite him to read them with ſome Conſideration, flying Affectation only ſo far as you may avoid Ruſticity, or barbarous and improper Words of Phraſes.

Sealing.

In the laſt Place, they muſt be neatly ſeal'd with either Wax or Wafer, and the Colour of 'em as beſt ſuits the Circumſtance of the Writer; but black if the Subject be melancholy. And if you put up many Letters together, you muſt preſs them hard, that they may lie in a very little Room.

I. *Letters of Complement.*

SIR,

I Deſire you to accuſe me of Neglect in the Performance of my Duty; the Paſſion which I have to your Service, being ſo violent, that it nouriſheth in me a continual Care of ſeeking Opportunities to make it known. To the Furtherance of which, this Letter offers it ſelf moſt happily, having Charge to aſſure you on my Part, that of all the Servants your Merits have acquir'd, I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble One,

T. S.

Another.

SIR,

I Am by ſo many Obligations yours, that the only Want of Occaſions to give Teſtimony of it, breeds all my Diſcontents; eſteeming my ſelf unfortunate in nothing ſo much, as that the Paſſion which carries me to Service, proves as unprofitable as extream:

Which,

Which forceth me to have Recourſe to Intreaties, beſeeching you to honour me with your Commands, that (other Means failing) my Obedience may oblige you to believe that I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I Muſt diſcharge my Heart, admiring you more than all the World. 'Tis true, your Deſert impoſed the Neceſſity upon me, but it did not give me the Inclination; tho' I beſeech you to believe that I was very willing in the Conſtraint, having ſuffer'd no other Violence than what my Reaſon and Judgment offer'd me. You ſhall have daily new Proofs by the Continuation of my Duty, and by the Quality which I bear,

SIR,

Of your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

THo' you expect nothing but Complements from me, you ſhall never receive any; I am a ſworn Enemy of Courtſhip and Civility towards Perſons whom I honour extreamly, as I do you; it ſufficing mé, that I perform my Duty in their Behalf, and that I take Care to do it with a good Grace. This is the Study in which I practiſe my ſelf; and I beſeech you think that I will not loſe the leaſt Occaſion to witneſs it to you, becauſe I find my ſelf intereſted in the Reſolution which I have taken to be all my Life,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

II. *Answers to Letters of Complement.*

SIR,

MAking no Doubt of your Civility and Courtesy, but of my own good Fortune, in meeting with the Means to requite them, I intreat you to believe, that hereafter I will employ all my Cares to witness unto you my good Affection; and if ill Means render them unprofitable, I will die for my own Satisfaction,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I Esteem too much the Honour of your Remembrance no to desire the Continuation, and withal to beseech you for some Employment, wherein I may witness the Passion which I have to your Service. For which I will importune you hereafter, desiring by Deeds, rather than Words, to let you see that I am extreamly,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

THough this is to requite the Favour of your Remembrance, yet I cannot cease to be indebted to you, when I consider, that your Courtesy prevented my Respects; but I beseech you imagine that, for the Time to come, I will be so careful to discharge my self, that you shall have greater Cause to complain of Importunity, than my Silence, which I have resolv'd never to keep, when your Interests oblige me to the contrary, as making publick Profession to appear in all Places,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

I Will be so presumptuous (since you do it) as to believe you love; but upon Condition, that you will likewise acknowledge the Passion which I have to serve you. For as it only makes me merit the Honour of your Friendship, so I shall be very glad, that you would everlastingly conserve the Remembrance of it. Continue then in loving me as much as you please, and likewise esteem infallibly that I am, more than all the World besides,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

III. *Letters of Complaint.*

SIR,

THe Friendship and Service which heretofore I vow'd you, force me at this present to demand the Reason of your Silence. I do not doubt but you alledge a sufficient Excuse to authorize it; yet, I beseech you, think that, how lawful so ever it be, I shall never leave off complaining. You may pretend the want of Occasions, or the sudden Accident of some Sickness, (which never molested you, except in Thought) whereby to justify your self against my Reproaches. But all this is notable to satisfy me; confess your Fault, ask Forgiveness, and you go a nearer Way to work; that's the only way to conserve eternally,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

Another upon the same.

SIR,

I shall break with you at last, if you break not Silence, imagining that you love me but a little, since you

you have forgot me altogether. I beſeech you deal more familiarly with me, if my Friendſhip be any way conſiderable, or you eſteem me worthy of yours. In the Humour I am now, I think you can no ſooner blot me out of your Memory, than I can raze you out of my Heart, without retraining any Thing (by my good Will) but the Quality only,

SIR,

Of your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IF you have taken an Oath to write no more to me, at leaſt ſend me the Letters back again which I addreſs'd to you, that I may ſtill have the Honour to receive ſomething from your Part. Silence is a ſworn Enemy of Friendſhip, which is the Reaſon that mine reproaches you at this preſent, being not able to endure, that after ſo many Proteſtations never to forget me, you ſhall loſe even the Memory of having made them. You may change your Humour when you pleaſe, if you deſire to renew the Obligations,

SIR,

Of your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IF I did not honour you extreamly, I could eaſily revenge my ſelf of your Forgetfulneſs, by my Silence; but the Eſteem which I make of your Deſerts, together with an Inclination which carries me to your Service, oblige me to aſſure you ſtill, that though you ſhould forget me, even to my Name, I would never change the Reſolution which I have taken, to be all my Life,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

IV. *Anſwers*

IV. *Answers to Letters of Complaint.*

SIR,

YOu oblige me with such a good Grace, in complaining of me, that I am constrain'd to give you Thanks, instead of Reproaches. 'Tis not because I want lawful Excuses to authorize my Silence, but the Interest which you take in it, that hereafter you shall accuse me of Importunity, rather than Neglect. 'Tis the Protestation,

SIR,

Of your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IT is needful to excuse my Silence, since I still endure the Pain of it, by Reason of a Sickness which molests me continually. But though your Reproaches proceed from your Affection, yet I assure you they interest mine extreamly. Since you doubt of the Countenance of it, I beseech you think me not of a Humour to forget those I honour, as I do you; and that, except I am reduc'd to the Extremity I was in before, I shall always acquit my self that which I owe you, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IF our reciprocal Friendship could not be conserv'd but by Letters, my Hand should be always upon the Paper, to give you continually some new Assurance or other; but knowing that she subsists of her self, through her own Solidity, I contemn all the Paintings of Civility and Complement. How little Knowledge soever

ſoever you have of your own Deſert, you may eaſily know, without being a Prophet, thee dear Eſteem I make of you; and ſeeing Knowledge has Truth for her Object, you are forc'd to believe that I am really,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

WEre I left-handed, I might acquit my ſelf of the Service I owe you, being unfortunately lame of the right Hand; which has ob'ig'd me to make uſe of a ſtrange Pen, to excuſe my Silence, and to aſſure you, that though I ſerve my ſelf with another Man's Endeavour in writing this Letter, yet 'tis my Soul that conceiv'd it, and my Heart that dictated, being very glad to witneſs unto you the Truth of my Thoughts, touching the Reſolution which I have taken, to make my ſelf remark'd in all Places,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

V. *Letters of Thanks.*

SIR,

SInce it is your Pleaſure to add daily Obligations to thoſe who are moſt intirely yours, I am reſolv'd to let you take your Courſe, and buſy my Thoughts only in ſeeking Occaſions to revenge my ſelf. And if my Misfortune in this Purſuit, continually render my Cares unprofitable, yet, for your Satisfaction, I ſhall always have a good Will and Paſſion to do you Service, which I ſhall heartily offer you up, being,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant,

Another

Another.

SIR,

NOt intending that these Thanks which I give you for the Favour wherewith you were pleas'd to honour me, should pass, in your Opinion, for an Acknowledgment, I revenge my self only of your Civility, expecting to meet with an Occasion, wherein I may witness with Services, rather than Words, that I am unfeignedly, in Heart and Soul,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

CONfessing you have oblig'd me with a very good Grace, and so perfectly, that I shall remain indebted to you all my Life, I would to GOD some Occasion would offer it self, which I might imploy in your Service, thereby to witness, that as your Favours have been extream, I will attempt all Extremities to revenge my self. These are no Discourses of Complement, my Heart Dictates to my Pen all that my Pen writes to you, with Assurance that I will not long unprofitably bear the Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I Know not in what Terms to give you Thank for the Favours which your generous Dispositions has been pleas'd to bestow upon me. I am so unfortunate an Orator, that I am out of all Hope to acquit my self that way. It sufficeth me, to put you in Mind of the Passion which I have to your Service, perswading my self,

ſelf, that the Remembrance it will excite in you, ſhall ſupplicate for the Fault of my Capacity; and that, conſidering the Ardor of my Zeal, rather than the Beauty of my Diſcourſe, you will content your ſelf with my Diſability, and that I aſſure you once again, how perfectly I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

HAd I been more happy, or more powerful, I had already requited your Favours, inſtead of giving you Thanks; but being unfortunate as I am, and in ſuch a Degree of Impotency, I have nothing left but Words to ſend you, as an Acknowledgment of your Deeds. 'Tis true, they are Words moſt infallibly true, aſſuring you from my Heart, rather than my Mouth, that I will carry to my Grave the Quality of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

VI. *Anſwers to Letters of Thanks.*

SIR,

YOur Thanks have bought my Service at ſo dear a Rate, that the Satisfaction which before I received, is utterly now taken from me. Keep your Complements then for ſome other, and remember to uſe more familiarly,

SIR,

The moſt humble of all your Servants.

Another.

SIR,

THere is far more Honour than Contempt in ſerving you, ſince by ſuch ready Acknowledgments

you

you haſten the Satisfaction. The Exceſs of your Nobleneſs undoes me, not being able to endure Thanks for the Performance of my Duty; and therefore, ſince my Endeavours in your Behalf can be ſtil'd no other, I beſeech you to vary your Terms, and to conſider me always in the Quality I am of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

I Complain much of the Exceſs of your Civility and Courtſhip, ſince our reciprocal Friendſhip is therein greatly intereſs'd. You give Thanks for the Service which you deſir'd of me, as though I were not oblig'd to it of Neceſſity. Leave off that ill Cuſtom, if you pleaſe, and know that the Language of Complement is unknown to true Friends, whereof I am one, and which is more,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

YOur Complements have put me into a very ill Humor; I cannot write to you, but in Choler, ſince you uſe me as a Stranger, as appears by the Superfluity of your Ceremonies and unprofitable Thanks. It ſeems you have wholly forgot the abſolute Power that your Merit has obtain'd over me, which cauſes me once again to put you in Mind, that you will be ſooner weary in commanding, than I in executing, as being unreſervedly.

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

VII. *Letters*

VII. *Letters of Entreaty.*

SIR,

THE Report of your generous Diſpoſition, gives me the Boldneſs to implore your Favour in the Diſpatch of Buſineſs, whoſe Succeſs depends abſolutely on your Authority. 'Tis true, I have not the Honour to be known by you; but that being a particular Misfortune of mine, I deſire it may not ſerve as a Pretence to the Refuſal of my Demand; aſſuring you that I ſhall endeavour to make known, by real Service, rather than Name,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

MY avow'd Service and Friendſhip gives me the Freedom to implore your Favour in Behalf of the Power you have given me, to employ your Endeavours in all Sorts of Encounters, but upon Occaſions that may offer themſelves, wherein I may witneſs how much I am,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

SEeing you make as great Account of my Entreaty, as I do of your Commands, you will eaſily accord unto me this, which is, to ſuſtain with your Authority a Buſineſs of mine now in Agitation, that it may be determin'd to my Advantage. I do not doubt of your Power, and leſs of your Nobleneſs, which forces me to believe

believe that you will comply with this Occasion offer'd you, to oblige extreamly.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

SInce you complain of my Importunity, accuse your own Freeness; for if you had been less generous, I had been less bold; but seeing I know by Experience in what a high Degree Civility and Courtesy predominate in you, I am constrain'd to think, that my Entreaty will not be unacceptable, which is, that you would be pleas'd to mollify with your Eloquence, that harsh Conceit that Master *N.* has of me. In this Encounter you will oblige us both together, since giving him to understand my Innocence, he will easily give place to Reason. This Favour, in particular, I hope from your Goodness, as you on the contrary may expect all Sorts of Service from my Duty, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

VIII. *Answers to Letters of Entreaty.*

SIR,

HAving done all you desir'd of me, with great Satisfaction and little Pains, I desire you'd prepare some new Commands, whereby the Passion I have to serve you, may not be left unprofitable, and you shall see by my Observance, that I have no greater Pleasure in the World, than to make my self remark'd in all Places,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

AFter many Thanks return'd you for the happy Imployment you gave me in your Service, I think all Things fell out according to your Desire, which gave me ample Occasion to rejoyce, as participating in all Things that concern you in particular. I beseech you to do me the Favour, that I may never have Occasion to doubt it, since I profess my self as much as any Man in the World,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR.

I Could wish you had every Day Occasion to command my Service, that I might continually have the good Fortune to produce new Proofs of my Obedience. I perform'd happily the last Commands wherewith you were pleas'd to honour me, which gives me cause to believe that you will not long let me rest unprofitable, without giving me some other Sort of Employment, wherein I may find more Satisfaction, as proving it more painful. This I beseech you to do, in Quality of.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

FInding so much Felicity in executing the Commanding which you impos'd upon me, I am asham'd to reckon'd it in the Number of the Services which I desire to render you, it being an Encounter of so little Importance, for my Satisfaction and your Interest, that I beseech you give some other Employment, wherein

I

I may witness according to your Merit and my Affection, how unfeignedly I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

IX. *An Answer of Excuse to a Letter of Entreaty.*

SIR,

MOre sorry am I than your self, that I am not able to effect your Commands. The Duty which you expect, does not absolutely depend on me, so that to render it worthily, I am to implore the Favour of another Man, who professeth to incline to tally to the adverse Party. Do not think that I make these Excuses to avoid the Occasion which presented it self for your Service; but believe, I beseech you, that in other Encounters, I will comport my self with so much Passion, that you shall be forc'd to confess I am unfeignedly,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another of Excuse.

SIR,

DId you know in what Disorder my Misfortune causes me to write, (since I am not able to satisfy your Desire) you would have Pity on my Affliction, being it wholly proceeds from my Grief, that the Power to do you Service, is taken from me. I speak this form my Heart and Soul; and being the Friendship I promis'd you, taught me the Language, I will constrain my self to believe, that it is eloquent enough to persuade you, that only the Want of Ability deprives me, at this present, of the Honour and Contentment to witness unto you how much I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

X. *Con-*

X. *Congratulatory Letters on some good Fortune happening to a Friend.*

SIR,

DId you but know how excessive joyful I was at the News of your good Fortune, you would make a Doubt whether your own Resentment might be equall'd to mine or no: Truly, Sir, there could nothing be added to it; and besides, it proceeds wholly from the Friendship that long ago I vow'd to your good Nature, which is not vulgar, since it has your Desert for the Object. I could say more, if the Excess of my Gladness would give me the Freedom; wherefore, for the present, I must suffice my self, that you remain assur'd, how the Contentment which I take, can be equall'd by nothing but the Passion which I have to your Service, as being,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

THe News of your Promotion into that Charge which you wish'd for so long, hath added such Contentment and Satisfaction to my Thoughts, that I am able to express but one Part of the Joy which reigns in me. I trouble not my self to perswade you to it by a long Discourse; your own Merit and our reciprocal Friendship (supplying the Defect of my Eloquence) will give a far better Testimony, than my Pen is able, which has in Charge at this present only to put you in Mind, that I am always, according to Capacity,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

THe Part which I always took in Interests shall witness unto you, at this present, the Excess of my Joy which I conceiv'd at the News of your good Fortune; and though I be not one of the first to congratulate it with you, yet I am one of the most sensible in the Common Contentment which possesseth the World. The Diligence or Delay of a Post, can advance or diminish no Man's Duty in this Kind of Encounter, since nothing but Zeal and Affection are considerable; which gives me great Confidence at this present, as being more than any Man in the World.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

DO not admire that I am one of the last who congratulate with you your good Fortune; the Joy which I conceiv'd, was so extream, that it could afford me no sooner the Liberty to acquit my self. I know the most of your Friends have prevented me; but being their Satisfaction is small, I do not wonder if their Diligence be the greater. As for my Part, my Idleness increaseth my Merit, since the Way and Protraction proceedeth only from the Excess of the Gladness of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

XI. *Answers to Letters of Congratulation.*

SIR,

ALways believing you were so generous as to take Part in whatsoever should concern me, having

begun so strict a Commerce of reciprocal Friendship, I perswade my self likewise, that you make no doubt of the Passion which I have to do you Service (by which Means only I am able to merit the Effects of your Nobleness) whereof you may be as confident, as of the most assur'd Thing in the World, since I am in Heart and Soul,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

SInce you take Part in the good Fortune which has befallen me, you must also participate in the Advantage of the new Credit which it has brought me into. This I advertise you of, to the End that you let not any Occasion slip, wherein you may procure new Proofs of my Passion, nor forget this Advice which I give you; since I shall die of Impatience, if I expect long the Opportunity to witness unto you, how deeply I am,

SIR,

Your Servant and Friend, M.

Another.

SIR,

THanks being needless for these new Proofs of your Nobleness which you have shewn in my Behalf, (because they are Actions so proper to your Nature, that without them you could not possibly live) I must give you Praises then, and account my self happy, that I serve as an Object to your vertuous Inclinations; whereof I should become envious, but that they do not admit any Hopes of Imitation; and therefore I reserve Admiration only to contemplate them in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

THE new Assurances which you have given me of your Friendship, in bearing Part of my good Fortune, have yielded me much more Satisfaction, than my Advancement it self, as preferring the Happiness of your Affection, before my own particular; you have touch'd me so sensibly, in mingling my Interests with your own, that I shall never lose the Remembrance of so great a Favour, wishing that some Occasion would offer it self, whereby I might in some Part merit it by the Reality of my Service, since I am, and will be, all my Life,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XII. *A Letter to a Person of Quality, acknowledging some Favours receiv'd.*

My Lord,

NOt rendering you so much as Thanks for the Favours which your Goodness has been pleas'd to heap upon me, since their Excess force me to a Silence, as taking from me all Means to revenge my self; it sufficeth me you believe, that I will sooner lose my self, than the Remembrance of your Bounty. I know your Lordship satisfy'd your self first, every Time you oblig'd me; but being I cannot do so, what Advantage soever I take, without rendering you some Service of Consideration, I humbly beseech your Lordship to grant me the Liberty to importune you at all Times to honour me with your Commands, to the End that by the Innocency of my Observance, you may be constrain'd to know, that if you be extreamly generous, I am no less sensible, nor no less,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient Servant, &c.

Another.

My Lord,

SInce you expect Thanks worthy of the Favours wherewith you have been pleas'd to honour me, I humbly beseech your Lordship to afford me the Terms, that I may repeat them after you for your Satisfaction. I confess boldly my Incapacity to express unto your Lordship the Resentment which your Obligations cause in me, as well as my Disability in meeting with Occasions to acquit my self. But as generous Actions carry their own Recompence along with them, all that I can do, is, to put your Lordship continually in mind of your Nobleness, and to publish it in all Corners of the World, together with the Quality of,

My Lord,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

XIII. *Letters to complain of Backbiting.*

SIR,

TIs told me, that you maintain'd a certain Discourse to my Disadvantage; I beseech you, out of Charity, repent your self in Time, if you would not have me constrain you to a more rigorous Penance; I understand not jesting, if I begin it not my self; wherefore correct your Pleadings, or I will cause you to lose both your Suit and Charges. I give you this fair Warning, that you may have less Cause to complain hereafter; and when I shall perceive you in as humble a Submission as I expect, I'll then take it into my Consideration, whether I ought to be, for the Time to come, as hitherto I have been,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

UNderſtanding that when you have nothing elſe to do, you take upon you to backbite a Perſon very near ally'd unto me; 'tis the worſt Trade, and moſt dangerous, that you can employ your ſelf in. But if your Wine be the Cauſe of theſe Extravagancies, I adviſe you to mingle it with Water as ſoon as you can; otherwiſe I ſhall be conſtrain'd to force you to ſuch a long Silence, that no Man ſhall ever hear you ſpeak hereafter. 'Tis the charitable Advice, if you follow it, of,

SIR,

Your Servant, M.

XIV. *Anſwers to Letters of Complaint.*

SIR,

NOt writing this Letter to give you Satisfaction, but to comply with my own Humour, in the Innocence I have always liv'd, you are to blame to make thoſe falſe Reporters my Judges, from whoſe Sentence I appeal, as from an Abuſe; yet you may believe what you pleaſe, being you are willing to explicate your ſelf any farther. And if you be not ſatisfy'd with the Aſſurance I give, (that I never dream'd of offending you, I leave you to fair Paper and Ink, whereby you may ſignify unto me your Mind and Intention; whether good or bad, I care not. It ſufficeth me, that you call to Remembrance the Name and Quality which I once bore,

SIR,

Of your moſt humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

THose that told you I abus'd your Kinswoman, abuse me. I know (without any Man's Intimation) the Respect I owe to that Sex: For what she had given me, my Reason should always have forc'd me to hold my Peace. As for the rest, know that Wine never made me speak; and if you be so foolish as to believe it, I know a Way to punish your Folly. I tell you what I mean to do, that you may have no Pretence to say I surprize you unawares, at our next meeting, where I have good Hope to make you feel how worthily I can chastise those that will not be contented with Reason. 'Tis the Resolution of,

SIR,

Your Servant as much as you please, M.

XV. *Congratulatory Letters to a new-marry'd Man.*

SIR,

JOy being the Consequence of your happy Choice, I now make bold to congratulate you, being glad that you have now divided the Power which you had acquir'd over my Affections, as honouring at this present your dear self, with the Respects that hetetofore I rendr'd to you only. I will perswade my self, you will make no doubt of it, no more than of the Passion I have to your Service, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another

Another.

SIR,

DO not expect that I should formally congratulate with you the good Fortune of your Marriage, since I interest my self in all your Contentments. It sufficeth me to put you in mind, that your good and ill Fortune shall be the sole Cause of all my Joys and Discontents, as fully resolv'd to follow your Resentments, in Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XVI. *Answers to Letters of Congratulation.*

SIR,

ALways believing that you lov'd me so much as to participate in my Contentments, they are Effects of your good Nature and Nobleness, to which I am extreamly oblig'd. But I can assure you, that in the Election I have made of a Wife, you have obtain'd a new Servant, since she partakes already in the Passion which I have to serve you, being,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

KNowing you so generous, that you interest your self in all Things which concern me, I am as asham'd of receiving daily new Proofs, since I cannot encounter with a fit Occasion to revenge my self. All that I can say then, is, that I shall have the same Resentment in all Affairs, which shall touch you in particular, as being by Inclination, as well as Reason,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

XVII. *Letters protesting Friendship.*

SIR,

SInce I have made a Vow to be your most perfect Honourer all my Life, and not to remit one Point of the Passion which I have to do you Service, I shall never content my self, except some Occasion be offer'd very suddenly, whereby these Words may be chang'd into Effects. 'Tis the only good Fortune which I expect with Impatience, being not a little griev'd that I bear in vain the Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant,

Another.

SIR,

DO not wonder if I importune you so often with my Letters; I have no greater Pleasure in the World, that to assure you of the Esteem I make of your Friendship, and Eternity of Mind. 'Tis true, these are but Words; but being they are dictated by my Heart, I am satisfy'd in acquitting my-self of that which I owe you. If Occasions to do you Service would offer themselves, as often as they do to write to you, I would give Testimony by my Actions, rather than my Discourse, that I was never in Complement.

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

Another.

SIR,

SInce my ill Fortune deprives me of Occasions to serve you, I must, for my own Satisfaction, witness unto you the Passion which predominates in me. I know your

your Deserts and Conditions have acquir'd you Servants without Number; but I can assure you, with as much Ostentation as Reason, that join them all together, I am,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant, M.

Another.

SIR,

THe Inclination which I have to esteem you more than all the World, will not suffer me to let any Opportunity slip, without giving you new Assurances of this Truth. Not that I cease to be in a continual Impatience of expecting Occasions to give you more effectual Proofs, but because they being not dependant of my Will, I satisfy my self, in letting you know, that she shall never force me to any other Thing, than to make open Profession of the Quality of,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

XVII. *Answers to letters protesting friendship.*

SIR,

BE as frequent as you please in giving me new Assurances of your Friendship, all the Proofs that you can have of mine, cannot render it more perfect than it is. But I can assure you, that if my Endeavour could take Effect, or my Vows Accomplishment, you should not long account me in the Number of your unprofitable Servants, though of,

SIR,

Your most obedient and most faithful Friend.

Another.

SIR,

I Will never refuse the Honour which you do me in professing to love me extreamly: But since I have no Merit to oblige you thereunto, I dare not publish my good Fortune, justly fearing to be depriv'd of it every Moment: Not because I believe you will prove fickle, but reasonable; and that therefore your Reason may oblige you to make me lose this good Fortune, which mine only and your Courtesy acquir'd me. But whatsoever happens, I shall never be other than,

SIR,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

Another.

SIR,

MY Pride will become insufferable, if you interest your self often in the Delay of my Return. I wonder you can find me wanting at the Court, where you have Admirers without Number; but if I could be perswaded that my Absence did occasion your Disquiet, or that my Presence could be necessary for your Service, you should not be able to detain me from the Town, whither your Commands shall soon call me, when you are pleas'd to expect Proofs of my Obedience, as being,

SIR,

Your most humble Servant.

XIX. *Letters to clear one's self of a false report.*

SIR,

NEeding not much Eloquence to perswade my Innocency touching the Report which was made to you

you of late, I will oblige my self to make them confess the Truth publickly, that have been too shameless to maintain the contrary in private. 'Tis a Malice so ill contriv'd, (though black as Hell) that I am perswaded it will deceive it self. For what Appearance is there, that having receiv'd an Infinity of Favour from your Goodness, I should so irreverently contemn a thousand other noble Qualities that elevate your Esteem above the common? I beseech you believe that I shall be their Admirers all my Life, and a continual Flail to the Broachers of this Imposture. I have no Respect of Persons when my Honour is question'd; I bear a Sword to defend it with the Hazard of my Life, which I esteem far less. But if this cannot give you Satisfaction, let me know the Name of the Reporter, and I will make you Sport, in laying open the Particulars of his Knavery, and the Sincerity of my Innocency, which shall give you sufficient Cause never to make Doubt of the Passion I have to serve you, as being,

SIR,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

Another.

SIR,

IT is an easy Matter for any Man to accuse me; but I defy all the World together, to convince me in the least Respect. 'Tis true, I could not speak in that Company, but some must hear me; but be pleas'd to shew me my Adversary, and I'll engage my self to make him sign me an Acquittance of my Innocence with his own Blood. I boast of nothing that I will not do; for let me but know the Broachers of that Imposture, and I will easily let you know their Malice, which shall force you to believe (as I most humbly intreat you) that I will sooner lose my Life, than the Honour and Stile of being,

SIR,

Your most humble and obedient Servant, M.

Another.

Another.

SIR,

I Will not juſtify my ſelf with Words, of the Aſperſion laid upon me, deſiring by Effects to let you ſee my Innocence as clear, as the Malice of thoſe that would have blemiſh'd it black and pernicious. I beſeech you think that I ſhall never be able to forget the Reſpect I owe you; and if any have the Boldneſs to accuſe me of it, my Sword ſhall impoſe them a moſt rigorous Pennance, ſince I proffer to be always what I always was,

SIR,

Your moſt humble Servant, M.

XX. *Anſwers to Letters of Juſtification.*

SIR,

'TIS true, I was told you abus'd me behind my Back; but ſince I never gave you Cauſe, and on the other Side, your Diſcretion be ſufficiently known to me, I was not ſo much as tempted to give Credit to it; you needed not then to have juſtify'd your ſelf of a Fault, whereof I eſteem'd you always innocent. The Reputation you bear in all Places of the World, may ſerve as Judge to condemn your Accuſers; wherefore you may ſleep in Quiet, ſince I account my ſelf diſintereſted, and place me in the Number of,

SIR,

Your moſt humble and moſt affectionate Servant.

Another.

SIR,

BEfore I can declare you guilty, you muſt confeſs your ſelf faulty with your own Mouth; for the Teſtimonies of all the World cannot convince the good Opinion

Opinion I have of your Integrity. Men may calumniate your Reputation as much as they please; but I shall always hold your Accusers to be in Fault, since it is impossible I should lose the Esteem which I conceive of your Desert, being,

SIR,

Your very humble Servant.

XXI. *A Letter from a Youth to his Parents.*

Ever-honour'd Father and Mother,

MY Absence from you has not been a little tedious to me; yet in Consideration my being separated thus from you, is entirely design'd for my Good and future Welfare, I bear it with as much Calmness and Discretion as can reasonably be expected from one of my tender Years, and whose Affection is so great towards you; nor shall I in the least neglect to improve my self all that my Capacity will enable me, in the Study and Affairs you desire I should be perfect in, being not without a reasonable Hope that I shall acquit my self to your Satisfaction, and my own Advantage. I am constrain'd, in the mean Time, to let you know I stand in need of those Necessaries I told you of in my last, and in part, when you gave me the last Visit, and Credit and Improvement in Learning. I should have much longer forborn to have urg'd it to you so pressingly as now I must, and am constrain'd to do, hoping I may live, in some Measure, to requite the Trouble and Charge I put you to, and ever shew a dutiful Respect that may be pleasing to, and render a Part of Satisfaction for your tender Love and careful Regard. In the mean Time I must beg your Pardon for my thus presuming, entreating you to excuse it; and so, with my hearty Prayers and good Wishes for your Health and Prosperity, I remain

Your ever dutiful and obliging, T. B.

A Letter of Promise to delay Time, &c.

SIR,

I Am not forgetful, neither does my Memory fail continually to mind me of the Promise I made you; nor can I be so disingenuous to my self or you, as not to conclude you punctually expected it should be fulfill'd; however, I must beg your Pardon if I cannot do it so soon as I expected, though I am not in the least neglectful to procure what I promis'd you; nor do I ever intend to be so, till I have given you that full Satisfaction which I doubt not but will be answerable to your Desires; and resolving to spare no Opportunity in using my utmost Diligence to give you Contentment with all convenient Speed, in making my Promise good to you, I subscribe my self,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

B. C.

A Letter from a Husband to his Wife and Children.

Dear Wife,

SInce I departed from you and my Children, my Mind has not been absent from you, nor my tender Love and Affection in the least stray'd from you; I have us'd all possible Diligence to dispatch my ingering Business, that I might be again where my choicest Treasure is, and have in this sent you a Token of a loving Remembrance, requiring you not to fail in letting

letting me know how you and my Family does, as to your Estate, Condition, Health, and Living, which is the great Concern of my Thoughts, and which I ever tender equal, if not superior, to my own; and so with all the Love and tender Regard of a Husband and Father, with my Love to you, our Children, and all our Friends and Relations, I ever remain,

Kind-Wife,

Your most loving Husband, P. G.

A Letter from one Genlewoman to another, to desire her Company and Conversation.

Madam,

EMbolden'd by Impatience for your Absence, after long struggling with my self, as well knowing how happy you are in your Retirement, I have presum'd to make this Letter an important Messenger of my earnest Desires to see you return'd again; and for this, it carries a very lawful Excuse with it, bearing upon your Promise when we last parted, which you made of a speedy Return; and though I cannot forbear to tax you of passing the Time appointed, however, I will make the most candid Interpretation of your good Intentions, and generously pardon you the Time elaps'd, if with a free Compliance to this my Request, you bring me back your self with all convenient Speed, that I may again enjoy the Company of her who is as dear to me as any in the World; so expecting your ready Compliance with my reasonable Demands, I say no more, till I see you, but remain

Your ever-loving Friend to oblige you in all I may,

N. G.

A Letter of Advice from a Father to his Son.

Dear Son,

I Cannot but always bear you in my Mind, though you are absent from me, and with a fartherly Tenderness am ever studying your Welfare, and therefore relying upon it, not without some Confidence, that you will be advis'd by me in Things for your Good, I have undertaken to give you some Cautions and Instructions, together with the Money I have sent you to maintain your Part in the Affair you have undertaken. And the first is, that you are not inveigled and drawn away to listen to the pernicious Smoothings and Soothings of Flatteries and Parasites, or such crafty Persons, whose Design it is to prey upon, and insensibly, if not timely avoided, draw you into Mischief, if not into utter Ruin. Fly the Company of prophane and debauch'd Persons, as from a Habitation infected with the Pestilence; and if you keep Company, be sure let it be with sober, modest, and discreet Persons, and those that are your Superiors, rather than your Inferiors, if such may be compass'd; be humble, modest, and courteous in your Conversation. In the next Place, be diligent in the Management of your Affairs; mind your Employment, and deal justly with all Men, whereby you will not only gain an honest Repute, but a Blessing will doubtless follow your Endeavours. But above all, be ever thankful to Almighty GOD for the Mercies and Favours he has been pleas'd to bestow upon you; pray to him for the Continuance of his Assistance and Support; and in so doing, you may expect a Happiness that will truly give you the Sweets of Life, and in this, very highly oblige him whose Joy it will be to see or hear of your Welfare, and remain

Your ever loving and affectionate Father, L. G.

A

A Letter of Thanks to a Father and Mother.

Ever loving Parents,

AFter my humble Duty and good Wiſhes preſented to you, I return you both my kindeſt and hearty Thanks for the tender Care and paternal Love you have extended towards me, and particularly for this laſt Obligation you have laid on your obedient Daughter, in ſending me thoſe Neceſſaries I entreated at your Hands, with Tokens I had not the Preſumption to deſire at your Hands. This is the freſhſt in my Memory, and therefore I have, for Brevity's Sake, omitted to enumerate many others of the like Nature; all the Recompence I am at preſent able to return in Part of a Retaliation, is, my Prayers for you, my Duty and Obedience towards you, and whatſoever elſe my tender Years are capable of tranſmitting; and ſo, 'till I have the Happineſs of paying you a Viſit, and expreſs by Word of Mouth, by my Actions and Behaviour, and all other Things that can ſhew a grateful Mind, I reſt, humbly begging leave, as in Duty bound, to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your ever obedient Daughter, A. P.

A Letter from a Maid Servant in London, *to one in the Country.*

Dear Dolly,

NOw, according to my Wiſh, being at *London*, which is the Glory of *England*, and for a Time ſettled in a good Service, your Requeſt (when we parted, and that not without Tears, as you well remember) coming freſh into my Memory, I have taken upon me to write unto you; and, to ſatisfy your Longings, let you know that this *London* is a very fine and gallant City;

City; but it is not as we Maids in the Country were told or fancy'd, pav'd with Gold and Silver, but mostly with Stones, such as we mend our Highways withal; and yet may well be said to be pav'd with Gold and Silver too, for that pays for the Stones and Paving at a very dear Rate; but to let that pass, I was no sooner arriv'd, but I was settled in a Place, and not long after discover'd that those pretended Dangers and pretended Inconveniencies, which we Country Lasses were frequently discourag'd withal, prov'd only *Chimera's* to frighten us from the Pursuit of our better Fortunes and Advantage, that we might become perpetual Drudges in the Rural Smock-loft, and that others might have the Marrow of our Bones with little or no Profit to our selves. This Artifice they use, to keep us in Ignorance of those Preferments Maids may here arise to by their Industry, modest Carriage, and civil Behaviour; therefore, dear *Dolly*, be not discourag'd, but make it your Concernment to leave the Milk-pail, and serving of Swine, and to come to *London* with the first Opportunity, where, if you are tolerably cunning, can discern Coyness, and wheedle a little, in a short Time, it is ten to one, but you may light of a good Husband, and so from a Servant, be translated to a Mistress; for here it appears are a power of amorous Fellows, that will soon be nibling at the Bait of your Maidenhead; and if you can but carry your Business closely and demurely, you need not fear to catch a Gudgeon. As for my self, I have three or four Sweethearts already, among the rest, our Journey-man and eldest Prentice; the latter I like best, but he is not out of his Time; yet in a little while he will, and in the mean while I will lye upon the Catch to snap him up; if this be Encouragement, make haste to *London*, and the Carrier will direct you where to find me, who will most willingly assist you in all I can; and so in Expectation very shortly to see you, I remain

Your old Companion and loving Friend, K. D.

A Letter from an Apprentice in London, *to his Maſter in the Country.*

Worthy Sir,

FInding your Stay beyond my Expectation, I have taken the Boldneſs to write unto you, and by this ſilent Meſſenger ſend you my hearty Wiſhes for your Health and happy Journey, and withal let you know that at Home we are in good Health, and all Things go forward ſucceſsfully, my Care being no leſs in your Abſence than if you were preſent; ſo wiſhing earneſtly your Return when your Affairs will permit, or your Pleaſure ſhall diſpoſe you to it, I humbly crave leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf

Your moſt faithful and obedient Servant, G. G.

A Letter from a Nephew to his Uncle.

Honour'd Sir,

I Have made bold to addreſs you with a few Lines, to let you know not only that I am in Health, but alſo to preſent my humble Reſpects and Duty to you, ever wiſhing you abundance of Felicity in Health, Wealth, and many proſperous Days, with the like Duty and Reſpect, and the ſame good Wiſhes to my dear Aunt, and my cordial Love to my Couſins, and all the reſt of my Relations near you, hoping in a ſhort Time in Perſon to tender you more effectually my dutiful Acknowledgment for all the Favours and Kindneſſes I have receiv'd at your Hands, promiſing my ſelf a Continuance of them by the ready Obedience I ſhall always ſhew, who am

Your loving Kinſman and oblig'd Servant, A. P.

A plain downright Country Love-Letter from Roger *to his Sweet heart* Joan.

Sweet Honey Joan,

I Have ſent thee a Thing, ſuch a one as the Gentlefolks call a Love-Letter; it was indicted by my ſelf after I had drank two or three Pots of Ale; but 'twas written in a *Roman* joining Hand by the School-Maſter, who is Clerk of the Pariſh, to whom I gave ſix Pence for his Pains. Truly, *Joan*, and marry, *Joan*, thou know'ſt many a time and oft have I fetch'd home thy Cows when no Body knew who did it. Marry, *Joan*, thou know'ſt I always play'd on thy Side at Stool-ball; and when thou did'ſt turn the Garland in the *Whitſon* Holy days, marry, *Joan*, I was ſure to be druck that Night for Joy. Marry, *Joan*, cry I ſtill, but when wilt thou marry me, *Joan*? I know thou doſt love *Will* the Taylor, who, 'tis true, is a very quiver Man, and foots it moſt feteouſly; but I can tell thee, *Joan*, I think I ſhall be a better Man than he very ſhortly, for I am learning of a Fidler to play on the Kit, ſo that if thou wilt not yield the ſooner, I will raviſh thee e're long with my Muſick: 'Tis true, I never yet gave thee a Token, but I have here ſent thee one; I bought it in the *Exchange*, where all the Folks houted at me; but thought I, hout and be hang'd and you will, for I will buy a Top-knot for *Joan*; and I can aſſure thee, *Joan*, 'twill make a better Shew in the Church, than a gilt Bay-leaf by thy Side. But what wilt thou give me for that, *Joan*? Alas, I ask nothing but thy ſelf; come, *Joan*, thou ſhalt give me thy ſelf; come, I prithee, *Joan*, give me thy ſelf: Law ye, what a happy Day would that be to ſee thee with thy beſt Clothes on at Church, and the Parſon ſaying, I *Hodge* take thee, *Joan*; and, by the Maſs, I would take thee, and hug thee, and hug thee, and buſs thee, and then hey away!

to

to the Ale-house, and hey for the Musicianers, and the Canaries, and the Syllabubs, and the Shoulder of Mutton and Gravy; and so having no more to say, I rest assur'd of good Will,

Thy own dear Sweet-heart,
Trusty Hodge *the Plow-man.*

A Letter from a Wife to her Husband.

Loving Husband,

YOur Absence being more tedious to me than you may imagine, I cannot but in a kind and gentle Manner chide you for so long detaining your self from the Company of her who so entirely and so affectionately loves you, whose Sleeps are chang'd into unquiet Slumbers, and whose Dreams are troublesom to her, because many Times I dream of Dangers, and fancy you be fallen into them; and then waking in a Fright, feeling by my Side, and missing you, my troubled Spirit fall into much Disorder; wherefore, for the Repose of her you profess you so much love, bring me your self again with all convenient Speed, who am

Your most affectionate Wife 'till Death, A. C.

A Letter from a Lover to her Love.

IF your Heart be your own, I demand it for a New-Year's Gift, and from you no other Present will be acceptable. If it be at your Disposal, oblige me in sending it me, or bringing it me; and be you sure that I have nothing, I say, nothing which I ought to refuse as a Recompence for a Present which will be so dear to me.

Directions

Directions for Pointing, or the Use of Stops in writing or reading true English.

SInce Points, or Stops, are absolutely necessary in writing or reading good Sense, I think it a Duty incumbent on me to give a brief Account of them; which take as follow:

A Comma	(,)	An Interrogation	(?)
Semicolon	(;)	A Parenthesis	( )
Colon	(:)	Obelisk	(†)
A Full-point	(.)	Hyphen or Division	(-)
Asterism	(*)	An Index	(☞)
An Admiration	(!)		

1. A Comma is a Note of convenient Silence, or rather a Breathing-time to that which succeeds, mark'd thus ——— ,

As for Example, *Love's Companions be unquiet Longings, fond Comforts, faint Discomforts, Hopes, Jealousie, Carefulness.*

2. A Semicolon is a Pause somewhat longer than a Comma, and thus noted ——— ;

Example, *Her witty Perswasions had wise Answers; her Eloquence recompenc'd with Sweetness; her Threatnings repell'd with Disdain.*

3. A Colon is a middle Distinction between a Comma and a Full-stop in the Middle of a Sentence, mark'd thus ——— :

Example, *If I speak nothing, I choke my self, and am in no Way of Relief: If simply, neglected: If confus'd, not understood: If I express any Thing very lively of what I truly feel, this is a Token, forsooth, my Thoughts are too much at Leisure.*

4. A

4. A Period is a perfect or full Point, to put at the End of a compleat Sentence, mark'd thus —— .

Example, *Lines cannot blush, so as Modesty admits a Freedom to my Pen. It would be tax'd Immodesty, being deliver'd by the Tongue.*

5. A Note of Exclamation or Admiration, is thus noted —— !

Example, *Oh endless Endeavours! O vain glorious Ignorance!*

6. A Note of Interrogation thus —— ?

Example, *What shall I do? Whither shall I flee? Whom shall I blame? What shall I pretend?*

7. A Parenthesis is shutting a Sentence between two half Moons, which notwithstanding, the Discourse remains entire, noted thus ——— ( )

Example, *Tell me ingenuously (if there be any Ingenuity in you) whether you did not know it.*

8. Index thus ☞, is to note from the Margin what is remarkable.

9. Obelisk, noted thus †, always refers from the Matter to the Margin.

10. Asterism thus mark'd, * when any Part of a Sentence is lost or wanting.

11. Hyphen, or a Division, mark'd thus (-), is a Note of Connexion, as sometimes, House-keeping.

The true Method of writing Bills of Exchange, Receipts, &c.

The first Bill. Ou 1nn l:

Alicant, the 25th of *July* 1715. 260 *l.* Ste l.

AT three Months after Date of this my first Bill of Exchange, my second or third not being paid, pray pay unto Mr. Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling. Value receiv'd of Mr. Edward Symmonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight:

At

At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Accompt of (as per Advice)

200 *l.* Sterl. to Mr. *Samuel Stephens*, Merchant.

Your loving Friend.
Edward Webb.

Alicant, the 25th of *July* 1712. 200 *l.* Sterl.

AT three Months after Date of this my second Bill of Exchange, my first or third not being paid, pray pay unto *Mr.* Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling, Value receiv'd of *Mr.* Edward Symmonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight: At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Accompt of (as per *Advice*)

200 *l.* Sterl. to *Mr.* Samuel *Stephens*, Merch. *Lond.*

Your loving Friend,
Edward Webb.

Alicant the 25th of *July* 1712. 200 *l.* Sterl.

AT three Months after Date of this my third Bill of Exchange, my first and second not being paid, pray pay unto *Mr.* Thomas Woodward, or Order, the Sum of two hundred Pounds Sterling, Value receiv'd of *Mr.* Edward Symmonds, at four Shillings three Pence per Piece of Eight: At Time pray make good Payment, allowing it to the Accompt of (as per *Advice*)

200 *l.* Sterl. to Mr. *Samuel Stephens*, Merchant in *London.*

Your loving Friend,
Edward Webb.

A Receipt (in Part) for Rent.

October *the* 4*th* 1715.

REceiv'd of *Mr.* Thomas Sharp, *the Sum of five Pounds ten Shillings, being in Part for half a Year's Rent due at* Michaelmas *last past. I say, receiv'd per me,*

l.	*s.*	*d.*
5	10	0.

John Low.

A

A Receipt (in full) for Rent.

April the 6th 1712.

Receiv'd of Edward Spurling *the Sum of six Pounds, being in full for half a Year's Rent due at* Lady-day *last past. I say, receiv'd per me,*

l.	s.	d.
6	0	0

Allow'd the 3d and 4th Quarters Tax.

John Day.

A Receipt (in part) in Trade.

August 4, 1712.

Receiv'd of Mr. Isaac How *the Sum of ten Pounds ten Shillings, being in part for Goods bought. I say, receiv'd by me,*

Richard Slater.

A Receipt (in full) in Trade.

Sept. 3, 1712.

Receiv'd of Mr. John Swift *six Pounds four Shillings in Money and Goods, which is in full of all Accompts whatsoever from the said* John Swift *to this Day. I say, receiv'd in full by me,*

George Hunt.

A Note of one's Hand for Money due.

August *the 7th*, 1712.

I Promise to pay Mr. John Newbolt *(or Bearer) the Sum of ten Pounds six Shillings, on Demand, for Value receiv'd. Witness my Hand,*

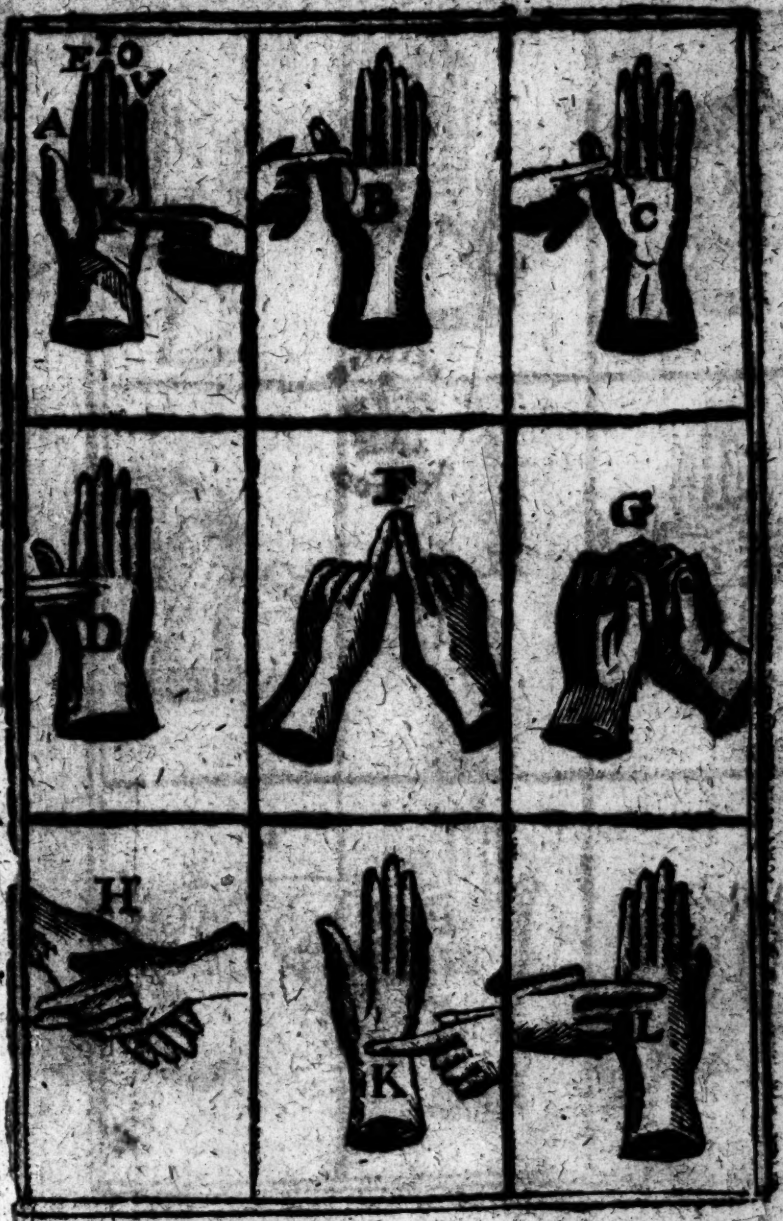
Joshua Emery.

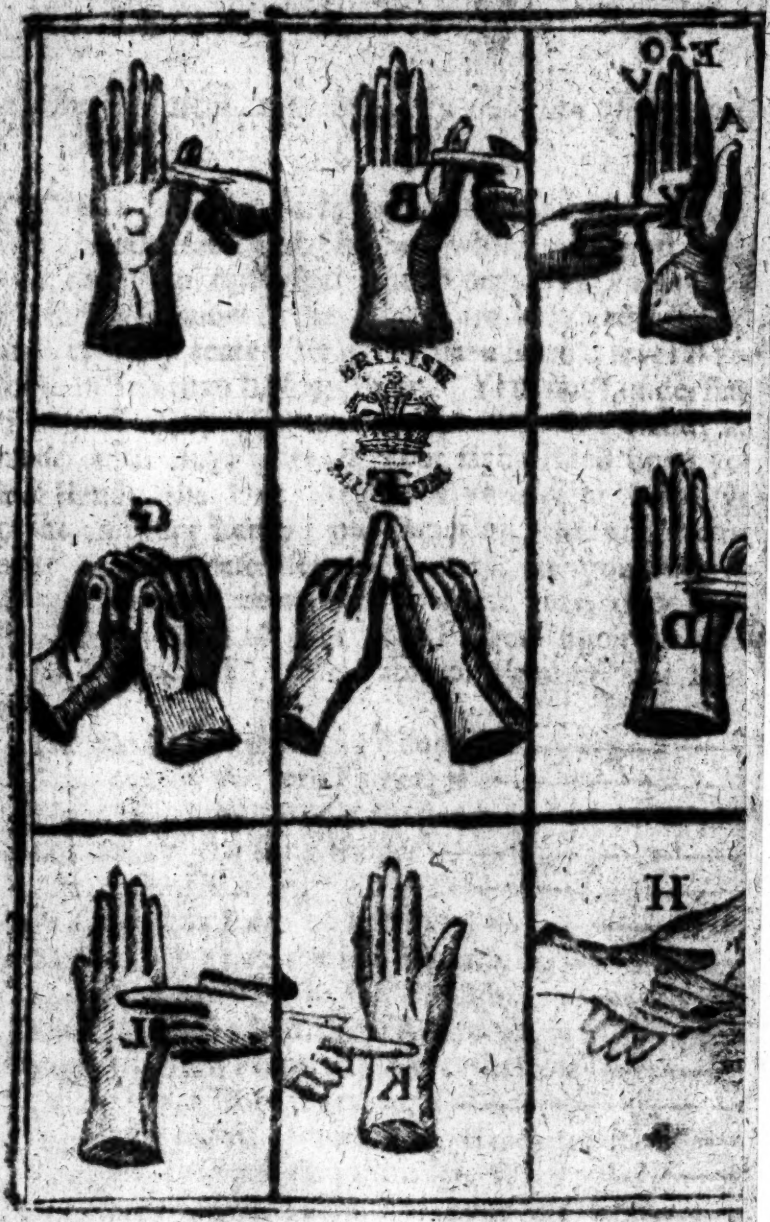
The Silent Language, *by Motion of Hand.*

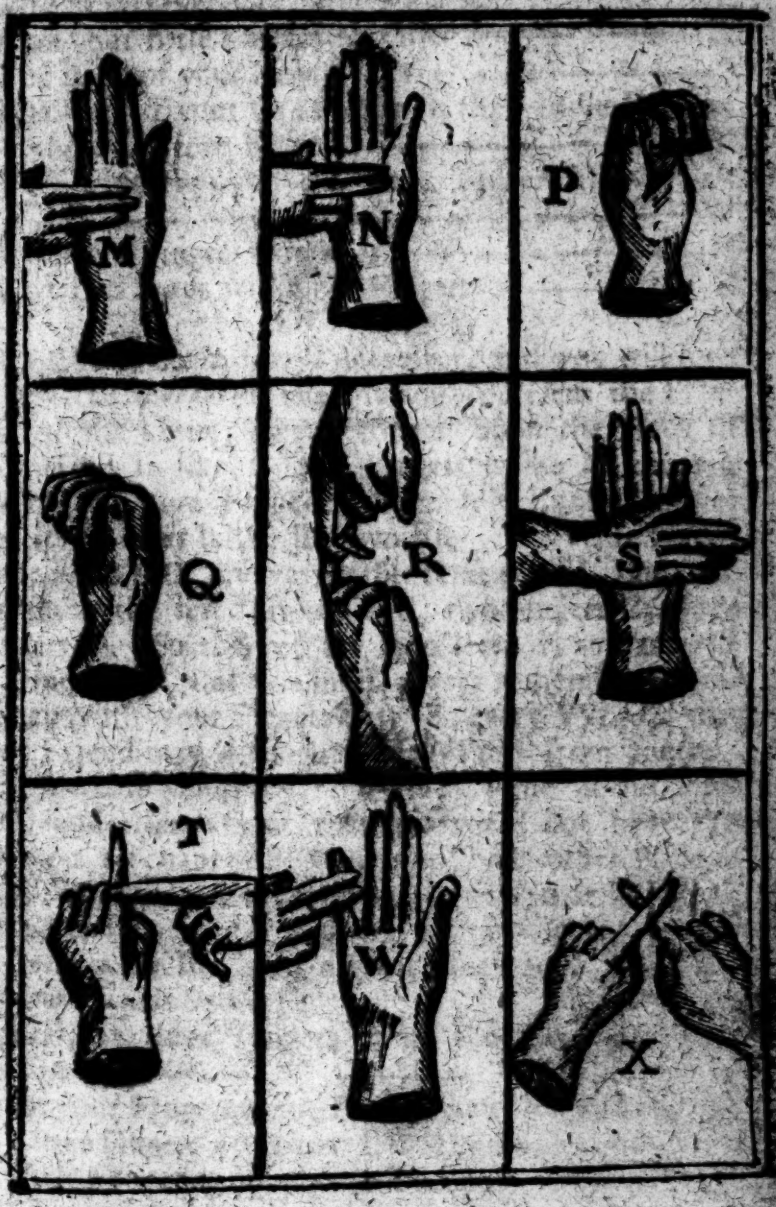
THIS Art is perform'd by the 24 Letters upon your Hand and Figures, which you muſt learn, and then you muſt ſpell the Words you intend your Friend ſhall know; the Letters are very eaſily learn'd, and as eaſily remember'd. I have learn'd ſeveral Perſons in leſs than half an Hour. You muſt underſtand that moſt of the Letters are upon the left Hand, and made with the Figures of your right Hand upon your left Hand; the fore Finger of your right Hand you point to every Letter; but ſometimes that and the two next Fingers make ſeveral Letters, as you will ſee. The Vowels are very eaſie to remember, they being the Tops or Ends of your five Fingers upon your left Hand, and the Y is the Table or Palm of that Hand, as thus:

The End or Top of the Thumb, is ——— A
The End of the fore Finger, is ——— E
The End of the middle Finger ——— I
The End of the Ring Finger ——— O
The End of the little Finger ——— U
The Table or Palm of left Hand ——— Y
One Finger upon the left Thumb, is ——— B
Two Fingers upon the left Thumb, is ——— C
Three Fingers upon the left Thumb, is ——— D
Your two fore Fingers laid together, is ——— F
Thump your Fiſts together, is ——— G
Stroke the Palms of both your Hands together — H
Your fore Finger upon the left Wriſt ——— K
One Finger upon the Back of your left Hand ——— L
Three Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand — M
Two Fingers upon the Back of your left Hand — N
Clench your left Hand or Fiſt, is ——— P
Clench your right Hand ——— Q

Link


E O V
A
B
C
D
F
G
H
K
L


A
B
C
D
E
F
G
H
I
K


M
N
P
Q
R
S
T
W
X

T
X
O
P
S
M
N
Y

Link your little Fingers together —— R
The Back of your Hands together —— S
The End of your fore Finger to the middle Joint of the other fore Finger —— T
Two Fingers upon the little Finger of the left Hand —— W
Two fore Fingers acrofs, is —— X
Give two Snaps with your Fingers, is —— Z

Practiſe it but a few Times over, and you will ſoon be perfect; ſeveral of the Motions repreſent the Likeneſs of the Letter, as one Finger upon the Back of your Hand is like L, two Fingers is like N, three is like M, the fore Finger to the middle Joint of the other fore Finger is like T, two Fingers acroſs is like X. Likewiſe B C D, are very eaſily remember'd, one Finger upon the left Thumb is B, two Fingers C, three Fingers D. So the reſt are ſoon learn'd, and as eaſie to remember. But you muſt always remember to give a Snap with your Fingers between every VVord, that your Friend may diſtinguiſh one VVord from another. If you are in Company, and think ſome in the Company underſtands you, that you would not have, 'tis for you to change the Vowels to ſome other Place of Hand, and then none but your Friend that knows it, can underſtand you. Suppoſe you would ſay to your Miſtreſs, when ſhe is in a great Company, *Madam, I am your humble Servant*:

You lay three Fingers upon the Back of your Hand —— M
Put your Fingers to the End of your left Thumb A
Three Fingers upon your left Thumb —— D
Your Finger again to your Thumb —— A
Three Fingers again on the Back of your Hand M
And then give a Snap with the Fingers, for the Sign that that VVord is ſpelt.
Then point to the End of your middle Finger — I
Snap your Fingers.

Then point to the End of your Thumb ——— A
Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand —— M
Then ſnap your Fingers.
Then point to the Palm of your left Hand ——— Y
Then point to the End of your Ring Finger —— O
Then to the End of the little Finger ——— U
Then link your little Fingers together ——— R
Then ſnap your Fingers.
Then ſtroke the Palms of your Hands together —— H
Then to the End of the little Finger ——— U
Then three Fingers on the Back of your Hand —— M
Then one Finger upon the Thumb ——— B
Then one Finger upon the Back of your Hand —— L
Then point to the End of the fore Finger ——— E
Then ſnap your Fingers.
Then the Back of your Hands together ——— S
Then point to the End of your fore Finger —— E
Then link your little Finger ——— R
Then point to the End of the little Finger —— V
Then to the End of the Thumb ——— A
Then two Fingers on the Back of your Hand —— N
Then point the fore Finger to the middle Joint of the other fore Finger ——— T
Then ſnap your Fingers.

And ſo you diſcourſe upon any Matter, if you practiſe it often, you will ſoon learn to do it very quick, faſter than you can write; if you learn too many, you ſpoil your Trick; neither let any know that it is done by Letters. I believe it may be near 20 Years ſince I learn'd it of a Gentleman in *Worceſterſhire*; and while I kept him Company (before his Death) I never learn'd any, which was near 7 Years.

Figure-Hand.

You muſt make an Exchange of theſe Letters, and uſe theſe Figures in their Place.

a e i o u y t n ſ r
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 0

And

And then your Alphabet will be thus:

1 b c d 2 f g h 3 k l m 8 4 p q o 9 7 5 w x 6 z.
G4i Bl299 K38g G24og2, 18d k22p 59 so4n p4p39h 9i15206.

Here you write thus: *God bless King* George, *and keep us from Popish Slavery*. You will find in a great many Words nothing but Figures, and there is scarce one VVord, great or small, but hath the greatest Part Figures; 'tis so plain to be learn'd, that I need not give you any further Instructions, but only to practise them ten Figures instead of the Letters. The other Hand is perform'd by exchanging of some Letters, one for the other, as thus:

a e i o u
y t n s r

VVhen you are to write A, you must write Y; and when you are to write Y, you must write A, and so all the rest.

As for Example, suppose you would say, *Sir, I am your humble Servant*, it is thus:

On n ym asru hrmblt Oturvie.

This doth appear like another Language, and will puzzle the greatest VVit, and with a little Practice, is soon learn'd; by Reason there is but ten Letters, you are to learn one for the other. Your Alphabet will be thus:

A b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u w x y z.
Y b c d t f g h n k l m i s p q u o e r w x a z.

I shall not proceed any farther, because this is sufficient; but let the Reader practise what I have here shewn him, and he may soon learn the whole Art.

A never failing Method for Women *to get good* Husbands.

Ladies,

I Presume you will confess, that I have undertaken a very great Task, it being an Age that the Men set a very high Value on themselves; insinuating with all the Assurance imaginable, that a Husband is the *Summum Bonum* of all sublunary Blessings; and the want of an Husband, the greatest Affliction. They would make you believe, that a noble Fortune, with all its agreeable Accommodations, such as a charming Dwelling, a pompous Equipage, a rich furnish'd Table, fine Dress, a sincere, ingenious She-friend, with whom you may divide your Sorrows, and double your Joys, and in whose Breast, as a sacred Repository you may communicate the very Secrets of your Soul over a Pot of Milk or Tea.

This, and more than all this, *viz.* Dominion over your selves, happy Freedom, and dear-lov'd Liberty, is all nothing, it signifies nothing without a Husband.

This is the Theme our Sex have so well improv'd, and so cunningly manag'd, that you, Ladies, verily believe it your selves, as you do your Creed; and so 'twould be an *Herculean* Labour to go about rectifying your Notions; tho' (by the Way) if I had any Hopes of doing something to the Purpose in this Matter, I would, in Charity to the fair Sex, spend the same Time that I intend in instructing you to get Husbands, in advising you to shun Mankind, as you value your Repose, at least 'till they make fairer Propositions.

Well then, Ladies, to come to the Business. If you design to marry, you must banish from your Countenance and Favour, for ever, four Sorts of Men, *viz.*

a Beau,

a Beau, a Rattle, a Self-opiniated Fool, and one subject to the Hyppy.

For the admitting Addreſſes from any of theſe, will only protract Time, and come to nothing; for they not knowing their own Minds one Hour, will eternally teaze you: One while they'll be in all the Tranſports and Raptures of a paſſionate Lover; the next Day forget they ever ſaw your Face.

And ſhould, you by a wonderful Chance, catch *Lyſander* in the Nooſe of Matrimony, you're not then within the Reach of the Church's Prayer: For *out of Hell is no Redemption.*

Firſt then as to the Beau, that excrementitious Part of Converſation: He, *Narciſſus* like, will be ever ogling himſelf in a Looking-glaſs, and daily falling in Love with his own Phiz, tho' perhaps all the while but one Remove from a Monkey; whilſt neglected *Clelia* mobs up her once charming Face, pretends, poor Creature, to hate Jewels and Dreſs, becauſe Fop muſt have a fifty Guinea Wig, *&c.* and whilſt he is ſtrutting in the *Park* or at a Play, the only Felicity left her, is a Pot of Coffee, and perhaps ſome generous She-friend, that comes to mix Tears with her, and condole her worſe than *Ægyptian* Slavery.

In the ſecond Place, I would have you ſhun a Rattle, a Flutter, a noiſy Nothing, as the Peſt of a Family; and miſerable that Body that has ſuch a giddy Head; the prudent Wife having *Penelope*'s Task, that is, to weave a Web that Monſieur *Shatter* ever unravels. Thus her Wiſdom having got an Antagoniſt for Life, ſhe muſt e'en fight her Way through to the Regions of Reſt, and never finiſh her Combat 'till in her peaceful Grave.

Beware, thirdly, of a Self-opiniated, grave, documenting Thing; the very *Grand Seignior* for Tyranny, that nods at his Wife at Table, and ſpeaks more by Winks and Sighs, than Words. The Converſation of Mutes muſt certainly be very agreeable; and

in a little Time, without the Trouble of ſpeaking to, *You'll know when to hold up your Head, Miſs; when to ſtand and kneel at Church.* And being a Man of Literature, he'll commend *Quarles*'s Emblems to your Study; and the more you get by Rote, the better he'll eſteem you; his grave Reprimands will often remind you of your School-Miſtreſſes; and this Confinement make you envy the *Virginia*-Drudges, who are freed in ſeven Years. In ſhort, you have no Equal, but a Galley-Slave; but if you are of a Spaniel like Diſpoſition, you may then hug your Shackles, and kiſs your Chains.

Laſtly, The Hypocondraical. Tho' they are Perſons who deſign not much Harm, yet the unhappy She that promiſes to obey, has a deviliſh hard Task on't. With theſe you will lead ſuch a Sort of Life as thoſe in *Bedlam*; that is to ſay, quite renounce your own Reaſon, and be oblig'd to call black white, or the contrary, according to his Humour: For when Deary is dull, tho' you're ne'er ſo gay, you muſt look penſive and melancholy, or elſe you're quite undone; for innocent Mirth will be taken for fooliſh Talking and Jeſting. Again, when the Tide turns, and Deary's Spirits friſks in his Veins, tho' you may be of an even Temper, and know nothing what the *Flatus* means, he'll think you diſobliging, unleſs you skip and play like a Morrice-Dancer.

So, between ſerious and gay,
You'll divide all your Life;
Too chearfull, or dull,
For ſuch a Man's Wife.

There's another Sort of Wretch call'd a *Miſer*, and Money is the *only* Idol he adore; and if *Clelia*, through the Benefit of generous Education, ſhould have a juſt Eſtimate of Things, and hate *Mammon*; yet in this Caſe alſo ſhe muſt veer about, Eaſt, South-Eaſt, as the Wind turns, for Advantage, or elſe be in Danger

ger of a hotter fiery Furnace than *Nebuchadnezzar's*; there's no Help for it, you muſt fall down and worſhip the golden Image he has ſet up.

In ſhort, the Follies of young Men are out of the Reach of Expreſſions; the Moroſity of old Men not to be endur'd; the Clergy are haughty, the Laity vicious.

Notwithſtanding this, as in all general Rules, there are ſome good Men, which one would even dare to marry, and ſuch a Man is to be won with Airs, and languiſhing Looks, fine Dreſs, and twirling the Fan; now, this only engages the Fop and the Fool. The Perſon that I would recommend to your Choice, is a Man of Principles as to Honour and Honeſty, Humility and Integrity of a calm Temper, and ingenuous Education; wiſe, without the Character of being a Wit; religious, without being ſuperſtitious; a Lover of his Country; not ſtiff to a Party; beneficent and candid, without Partiality or Hypocriſy.

This is the good Husband I propoſe to you, Ladies; but the Difficulty will be how to get him. Now, the Method I would have ye purſue, is, to imitate the Character of *Solomon's* wiſe Woman, *whoſe Price is far above Rubies; the Heart of whoſe Husband may ſafely truſt in her.* For this Man, as every Creature, loves his like; and the only Way to obtain him, is to reſemble his Vertues.

Thus having perform'd the Task I undertook, I beg leave to ſubſcribe my ſelf,

Your very humble Servant.

A Treatiſe of Moles *in all Parts of the Body, and what their Signification, with Relation to good or bad Fortune.*

A Mole in the Middle of the Fore-head, denotes Riches and Advancement, by the Favour of Friends.

A Mole in the right Part of the Fore-head ſignifies the Life proſperous, and ſucceſsful in Riches and Love-

Affairs; in the left, that you shall meet with many Crosses and Disappointments.

A Mole between the Eyes, inclining on the Nose, denotes the Party to grow rich by Marriage.

A Mole on the Nose, signifies speedy and often Marriages, and the Party to be fruitful in Children.

A Mole on the right Cheek, shews the Party to be prosperous in worldly Affairs; but covetous and desirous to circumvent other People.

A Mole on the left Cheek, shews (to a Man) Crosses in his Affairs; to a Woman, Loss of Honour, and Danger of Life in Child-birth.

A Mole on the Chin, demonstrates the Person wise, but promises no great Riches.

A Mole on the left Arm, promises much Labour; but on the right, Riches gain'd by Industry.

A Mole on the Breast, promises the Party Advancement by the Favour of great Ones.

A Mole on the Belly, demonstrates the Party to be belov'd, and to gain Riches and Advantage by it.

A Mole on, or near the Privities, promises Ability in Duties, vigorous in Love, and successful in many Children.

A Mole on the Back demonstrates much Labour and Sorrow.

A Mole on the right Lip, denotes the Person greatly to be belov'd, and fortunate in Love-Affairs.

A Mole on the left Lip, signifies the Party shall be rich by the Death of Relations.

A Mole on the right Knee, promises Success in Love and several Marriages.

A Mole on the left Knee, Crosses and Disappointments.

A Mole on the right Leg, promises Plenty, and an easie Life; but on the left, Travel and Poverty; and the like on the right or left Foot, or any Part of the Heels.

Of Dreams, *and their Interpretations.*

TO dream of Fire, denotes Anger,

To dream you fly, signifies hasty News of strange Things.

To dream you fight and overcome, signifies Victory, or successful over your Adversaries.

To dream one puts a gold Ring on your Finger, signifies speedy Marriage; but if it seems to break, or fall off, there will be a Disappointment in it.

To dream you see a Flock of Birds that sing or cherrip merrily, promises you good News; and that you shall soon grow rich.

To dream you swim in a tempestuous Water, denotes you will have much Trouble.

To dream you see the Sun and Moon broad, and very shining, signifies Honour and Riches: but if eclipsed, Crosses and Disappointments.

To dream of finding small Peices of silver denotes Disappointment in Trade or Business.

To dream you see a Purse hang by your Bed-side with Gold in it, signifies you shall find hidden Treasure.

For a Woman to dream another kisses her, signifies Barrenness, or Disappointment in Love.

To dream you see, and are kindly conversing with your Sweet-heart, promises sudden Marriage.

To dream you are pursu'd, and strive to escape, but cannot, signifies you will fall into some sudden Danger.

To dream one's Teeth or Eyes fall out, signifies the Loss of some dear Friend.

To dream a Horse, or any other Creature you ride on, runs swiftly, and you cannot stop it, denotes Captivity, and unexpected Losses.

To dream you put on new Apparel, signifies a Change of your Condition.

To dream of one or more Suns or Moons, signifies the Party to have so many Husbands or Wives.

To

To dream you are discoursing with Spirits, signifies you shall discover secret Things.

To dream an old Woman is courting you, signifies Preferment by Marriage, but not without Crosses and Trouble.

To dream you are in a spacious Chamber richly furnish'd signifies Advancement by the Means of great Ones.

To dream you hear Musick, signifies Mirth and Jollitry.

To dream of dancing, betokens a happy Life.

To dream you carry Books, signifies you shall have Preferment by Learning.

To dream of the cackling of Geese, signifies troublesome Visitants.

To dream you embrace, signifies Love and Marriage.

To dream you are at a Feast, and eat greedily, denotes Sickness,

To dream of much Gold, denotes Riches.

To dream you are fighting, and overcome, betokens you Success over your Adversaries, or escaping by Strength and Resolution in some Danger laid for you.

To dream you climb a Hill with Pain, betokens Difficulty in obtaining your Desire.

To dream Bees fly about you, light on you, and do you no Harm, betokens many Friends, and Success in Love.

To dream you sing melodiously, betokens a joyful Life in Marriage.

To dream you see Ants busie at their Work, denotes Riches to come by Industry.

To dream you are sliding and fall upon the Ice, betokens Loss of Preferment.

To dream Hawks, Vultures, and other Birds of prey, fly about you, betokens you have powerful Enemies, that seek to disturb your Peace.

To dream you are call'd, and see no Body, betokens you shall be marry'd to one as you yet know not.

To

To dream you are fishing, and have good Success, [by taking great Fishes] promises you good Fortune.

To dream you see Gold strew'd in your Way, betokens Advancement by Gifts or Legacies, of some Estate falling to you by Death of Relations.

To dream of Flocks of Water-fowl flying to the Sea or Rivers, making a merry Noise, betokens the Storm that threatn'd you is over, and a happy Time coming.

To dream you see a Man or Woman go to be hang'd, denotes you'll be importun'd by some Friend for your Assistance.

To dream one has their Sweet-heart in their Arms, denotes speedy Marriage, and a great deal of Happiness in the Enjoyment.

To dream of many Suns and Moons, signifies you will be happy in Children, that will rise to great Promotion.

To dream that you see aged People lively and nimble, jocund and merry, betokens long Life, with a healthful Constitution.

To dream you repose on Beds of Flowers with much Pleasure, betokens much Pleasure of Life, in marrying into a rich Family.

To express Numbers, as well by Letters as Figures.

1 one I.	12 twelve XII.
2 two II.	13 thirteen XIII.
3 three III.	14 fourteen XIV.
4 four IIII, or IV.	15 fifteen XV.
5 five V.	16 sixteen XVI.
6 six VI.	17 seventeen XVII.
7 seven VII.	18 eighteen XVIII.
8 eight VIII.	19 nineteen XIX.
9 nine IX.	20 twenty XX.
10 ten X.	30 thirty XXX.
11 eleven XI.	40 forty XL.

50 fifty L,	100 hundred C.
60 sixty LX.	1000 a thousand M.
70 seventy LXX.	1709 one thousand seven hundred and nine C DCC IX.
80 eighty LXXX.	
90 ninety XC.	

Note, That the lesser Number set before, takes away so much as it self is, from the greater; but being set after, add so much to it, as IV makes four, but VI six; IX nine, but XI eleven.

If you would express one and a half, two and a half, it must be thus;

$1\frac{1}{2}$ —— $2\frac{1}{2}$

Two and three Quarters thus:

$2\frac{3}{4}$ —— $3\frac{3}{4}$

Having learn'd to know the Figures and Marks whereby Numbers are express'd, the next Thing that is necessary, is, how to make Use of them in the VVay of Trade, or Business, to which End we must know all Numbers are express'd by these Characters, 1,2,3,4,5,6, 7,8,9,0. VVhich last Cypher signifies nothing of it self, but serves to fill up the Number of Places; and therefore every Figure hath a double Value, one single and certain, the other uncertain, according as 'tis plac'd.

Now, because 'tis not intended to give you a Body of *Arithmetick*, I shall only shew how to cast up a small Sum, as suppose you have receiv'd.

	l.	*s.*	*d.*
Of one Man	0	1	6
Of another	0	2	3
Of another	1	3	2
Of another	0	9	8
Of another	3	7	11
Of another	2	4	2

If you would know what all these Sums amount to, you must do thus: Go the outmost Row of Figures on the right Hand, and say,

2 and 11 is 13; then make a Point against 11, and carry 1 to the next, and say, 1 I carry and 8 is 9, and

and 2 is 11, and 3 is 14; then make another Point at 3, and carry, and say, 2 and 6 is 8; which 8 set down at the Bottom under the said Figures, and say, 2 I carry from the Pence, and 4 is 6, and 7 is 13, and 9 is 22; put a Point at 2, and carry 2, and say, 2 and 3 is 5, and 2 is 7, and 1 is 8, which 8 put under this Row; then go to the next Row, and say, 1 Pound I carry, and 2 is 3, and 3 is 6, and 1 is 7; which put underneath, and then the Sum appears thus:

l.	*s.*	*d.*
0	1	6
0	2	3
1	3	2
0	9	8
3	7	11
2	4	2
7	8	8

And so 'tis in laying out of Money, of which there needs no more Examples. But I shall only give an Account of *English* Money, Weights, and Measures, in some plain and easie Tables; and Money being a principal Thing, first of that.

Of Coins.

1 Farthing		1 Farthing
2 Farthings		1 Half-penny
4 Farthings		1 Penny
4 Pence		1 Groat
12 Pence		1 Shilling
2 Shillings six Pence	*make*	1 Half Crown
5 Shillings		1 Crown
6 Shillings eight Pence		1 Noble
3 Nobles		1 Twenty Shillings
13 Shillings four Pence		1 Mark
20 Shillings		1 Pound

Of Troy Weight.

The least VVeight us'd in *England*, is a Grain of VVheat gather'd out of the Middle of the Ear, and well dry'd.

24 Grains	make	1 Penny weight
20 Penny weight	make	1 Ounce
12 Ounces	make	1 Pound Troy weight

VVith these VVeights are weigh'd Bread, Gold, Silver, and Electuaries.

Avoir-du-pois Weight.

4 Quarters of a Dram		1 Dram
16 Drams		1 Ounce
16 Ounces		1 Pound
28 Pounds	make	1 Quarter of a Hundred
4 Quarters		1 hundred VVeight, or 112 Pounds
20 Hundred		1 Tun

By this VVeight is weigh'd all Grocery VVares, Butter, Cheese, Flesh, VVax, Lead, Pitch, Rosin, Tallow, Hemp, Iron, Copper, Tin, and other such Things.

Apothecary's VVeights.

The VVeights us'd by Apothecaries, are Grains, Scruples, Drams, and Ounces, of which

20 Grains	make	1 Scruple	Thus mark'd	℈
3 Scruples	make	1 Dram	Thus mark'd	ʒ
8 Drams	make	1 Ounce	Thus mark'd	℥
12 Ounces	make	1 Pound	Thus mark'd	lb of

Of Measures.

And first of liquid Measure, by which is sold Beer, Ale, and other Liquors, whereof the least common Measure is a Pint, which is a Pound *Troy* Weight.

2 Pints		1 Quart
2 Quarts		1 Pottle
2 Pottles		1 Gallon
8 Gallons		1 Firkin of Ale or Soap
9 Gallons		1 Firkin of Beer
10 Gallons and an half	*make*	1 Firkin of Salmon, *&c.*
2 Firkins		1 Kilderkin
2 Kilderkins		1 Barrel
42 Gallons		1 Tierce of VVine
63 Gallons		1 Hogshead
2 Hogsheads		1 Pipe or But
2 Pipes or Buts		1 Tun of VVine

Of dry Measures.

VVheat, Barley, Oats, Salt, Coals, Sand, and other dry Goods, are measur'd by dry Measures, of which a Pint is usually the least,

2 Pints		1 Quart
2 Quarts		1 Pottle
2 Pottles		1 Gallon
2 Gallons		1 Peck
4 Pecks	*make*	1 Bushel Land measure
5 Pecks		1 Bush. Water measure
8 Bushels		1 Quarter
4 Quarters		1 Chaldron
5 Quarters		1 VVey

Of

Of long Measure.

Cloth, Tapestry, Board, Glass, Pavement, Land, *&c.* are measur'd by long Measure, of which a Barley-corn is the least.

3 Barley-corns		1 Inch
12 Inches		1 Foot
3 Foot		1 Yard
3 Foot 9 Inches		1 Ell
6 Foot		1 Fatham
5 Yards and an half, or 16 Foot and an half	*make*	1 Pole or Pearch
40 Poles or Perches		1 Furlong, or Acre in length
8 Furlongs		1 English Mile
40 Square Poles or Perches		1 Rod, or a Quarter of an Acre
4 Rods		1 Acre

Of Time.

Time consists of Years, Months, VVeeks, Days Hour, and Minutes, which last is the least Part of Time, and therefore,

60 Minutes		1 Hour
24 Hours		1 Day natural
7 Days	*make*	1 VVeek
4 VVeeks		1 Months of 28 Days
13 Months, 1 Day 6 H		1 Year

The Year is commonly divided into twelve unequal *Kalender*-Months, whose Names, and the Number of Days they contain, as follow.

January

	Days		Days
January	31	*July*	31
February	28	*August*	31
March	31	*September*	30
April	30	*October*	31
May	31	*November*	30
June	30	*December*	31

WHich are briefly summ'd up in these four Verses;

Thirty Days hath September,
April, June, *and* November,
February *hath* twenty eight *alone*;
All the rest, thirty and one.

So that the Year contains 365 Day and six Hours; but the six Hours are not reckon'd, but only every fourth Year, and then a Day is added to *February*, which then contains 29 Days, and that Year is call'd Leap-Year, and contains 366 Days.

The four Quarter-days in the Year, are *March* 25, call'd *Lady-day*; *June* 24, call'd *Midsummer-day*, *September* 29, call'd *Michaelmas-day*; *December* 25, call'd *Christmas*.

The Country-men do also sometimes divide the Year into four other Quarters; that is, *February* 2, call'd *Candlemas-day*; *May* 1, call'd *May-day*; *August* 1, call'd *Lammas*; *November* 1, call'd *All Saints-day*.

The Characters of the seven Planets.

Astronomers and Astrologers express the seven Planets and Signs, by the following Marks or Characters.

The seven Planets are these.

♄ Saturn, ♃ Jupiter, ♂ Mars, ☉ Sol, ♀ Venus, ☿ Mercurius, ☽ Luna.

The

The twelve Signs are these.

♈ Aries, ♉ Taurus, ♊ Gemini, ♋ Cancer, ♌ Leo, ♍ Virgo, ♎ Libra, ♏ Scorpio, ♐ Sagitarius, ♑ Capricornus, ♒ Aquarius, ♓ Pisces.

The Sextile, ✶ Quartile □, Trine △, Opposition ☍, Conjunction ☌.

In our *English* Writing, there are many Abbreviations that we make Use of, which we borrow from the *Latin*, as *e. gr.* (*exempli gratia*) for Example; and over our Accompts we commonly write,

l.	*s.*	*d.*	*q.*
2.	4.	6.	2.

Which is as much as (*libri, solidi denarii, quadrantes*) Pounds, Shillings, Pence, Farthings; so that the Sum is two Pounds, four Shillings, six Pence, two Farthings; or Half-penny, so also we write *viz.* (*videlicet*) to wit, or that is to say: p. *Pagina*, a Page; § (*Sectio*) Section; v. (*vide*) see; *i. e.* (*id est*) that is; *sc.* (*scilicet*) that is to say; M. S. Manuscript, or a written Book or Copy; R. S. S. (*Regis Societatis Socius*) Fellow of the Royal Society; N. B. (*nota bene*) note well, or mark well; M. A. (*Magister Artium*) Master of Arts; B. D. (*Baccalaurius Divinitatis*) Batchelor of Divinity; L. D. (*Legis Doctor*) Doctor of the Civil Law; D. D. or SS. Th. D. (*Sacrosanctæ Theologiæ Doctor*) Doctor of Divinity; Qu. (*Quæstio*) Question; Ob. (*Objectio*) Objection; Sol. (*Solutio*) Solution or Answer.

There are also other Contractions of *English* Words, which we often meet with, as Admrs Administrators, agt against, Bp Bishop, Comrs Commissioners, Dr Doctor, Esq; Esquire, Hble Honourable, Hd Honour'd, Ld Lord, Lps Lordships, Lr Letter, Md Memorandum, Mr Master, Mrs Mistress, Mtie Majesty, pd paid, qr quarter, Sr Sir, St Saint, yn then, yt that,

that, ye the, wn when, Wp Worſhip, wll worſhipful, yr your, 7ber *September*, 8ber *October*, 9ber *November*, 10ber *December*, *Jan January*, *Feb. February*, *Apr. April*, *Aug. Auguſt*, Q. Queſtion, A. Anſwer, R. Reaſon, U Uſe, Doct. Doctrine, Xpian Chriſtian, & and, &c. and ſo forth, Col. Colonel, Capt. Captains, Lieut. Lieutenant. We alſo oftentimes contract two VVords into one, as I'll for I will, I'm for I am, t'other for the other, let's for let us, and many other.

We alſo contract the Names of Places; as *Cant. Canterbury*, *Oxon Oxford*, *Exon Exeter*, *Bucks Buckinghamſhire*, *Salop Shropſhire*, *C. C. C. Corpus Chriſti College*, *Q. C. Queen's College*, *D. C. Dean of Chriſt-Church*; As alſo in the Names of Books, as *Mat. Matthew*, *Cor. Corinthians*, *Col. Coloſians*, *Rom. Romans*, *Rev. Revelations*, *Gen. Geneſis*, *Chron. Chronicles*, *Eccleſ. Eccleſiaſtes*, *Eccluſ. Eccleſiaſticus*.

The Names of Men and VVomen we do alſo contract into one or two Syllables, at the moſt, very many of our common Chriſtian Names, as

Alexander, *Sany*	*Edmund*, *Mun*
Abraham, *Abram*	*Francis*, *Frank*
Anthony, *Tony*	*Gregory*, *Greg*
Auguſtine, *Auſtin*	*Henry*, *Harry*, *Hal*
Ann, *Nan* or *Nancy*	*Humphry*, *Numph*
Bartholomew, *Bat*	*Joſeph*, *Jo*
Benjamin, *Ben*	*Joſhua*, *Jos*
Clement, *Clem*	*Jane*, *Jenny*
Chriſtopher, *Kit*	*James*, *Jimmy*
Catherine, *Kate*	*Joan*, *Jug*
Daniel, *Dan*	*Leonard*, *Len*
Dorothy, *Doll*	*Martha*, *Pat*
Deborah, *Deb*	*Mathew*, *Mat*
Eleanor, *Nell*	*Mary*, *Moll*
Edward, *Ned*	*Margaret*, *Peg*
Elizabeth, *Betty*	*Margery*, *Madg*

Nicholas, Nick	*Simon, Sim*
Nathaniel, Nat	*Susanna, Sue*
Oliver, Noll	*Thomas, Tom*
Priscilla, Pris	*Theophilus, The*
Philip, Phil	*Timothy, Tim*
Robert, Robin	*Valentine, Val*
Richard, Dick	*Walter, Wat*
Roger, Hodge	*William, Will*
Samuel, Sam	*Zachary, Zach.*

Tittle-Tattle;
OR, THE
GOSSIPS FEAST.

Being a pleasant Dialogue *between six merry Gossips.*

WHEN *London* Gossips they shall meet
In Council, to prepare a Treat
Against a Woman's Sitting-up,
There must not only be a Cup
Of humming Tipple, but beside
They are in Care what to provide,
One saith, perhaps, good Veal and Bacon;
The next, in Scorn, cries, You're mistaken,
Faith, that will not my Pallate fit,
Abroad I love a dainty Bit,
Geese, Capons, or a good fat Pig;
In short, I do not care a Fig
For Butchers Meat. No, saith the next,
Let you and I stand to the Text,
We'll manage all Things for the best,
And have what's good, and as well dreſt.

So

So thus they hold a long Debate,
Before they can their Matters ſtate;
Yet, in the End, they do conclude
Upon ſome nice and dainty Food,
Serv'd up with Sauce and humming Tipple,
VVou'd make a Captain of a Cripple.
And ſo we find, that Women-kind
In Cups are taught to ſpeak their Mind.
Firſt, what they hate, and do admire,
Whether Sweet-meats, or rich Attire,
It muſt be had, nothing delay'd,
Commanding Wives muſt be obey'd,
Or they will ſtrange Deſtractions breed.
Now, to our Goſſips we'll proceed.

1 *Goſ.*] Why, Goſſip, Goſſip, whither now ſo faſt?
Could I believe you ever would have paſt
Thus by my Door, and not have called in;
I know full well, Goſſip, the Time has been
That I was worthy of your Company,
Though now you can ſo ſcornfully paſs by.
2 *Goſ.*] Pardon me, Goſſip, do not take Diſtaſte;
For, in a Word, I was in ſo much haſte,
That I ne'r thought upon you in the leaſt.
1 *Goſ.* Pray, what's in Hand? [2 *Goſ.*] A ſplendid noble Feaſt
VVill be prepar'd by a true Friend of mine,
With whom I at a Tavern am to dine;
There will be dainty Fare, and curious Wine.
You know the Man, [1 *Goſ.*] Who is he? what's his Name?
2 *Goſ.*] 'Tis 'Squire *Lovewell*, that good Man of Fame,
I am ſure you know him. [1 *Goſ.*] That I do, in Truth,
He had a Kindneſs for me in my Youth.
VVhen I was marry'd firſt, he us'd to be,
In all Reſpects, a faithful Friend to me.
My eldeſt Son doth his true Picture bear,
His Eyes, his Noſe, the Colour of his Hair,

The

The Dimples in his Chin, and lively Looks;
But I have been some Years out of his Books.
2 *Gos.*] Inform me, Gossip, how it came about
That he should with his darling Love fall out.
1 *Gos.*] He's courteous, noble, kind, and active too,
He's not in Fault; my Husband jealous grew,
Because he saw him kiss me on the Bed,
And stroak my Cheeks; this much Distraction bred;
He curs'd, he swore, and did with Fury brawl,
2 *Gos.*] Fie for Shame! base Man! the Fault was small,
1 *Gos.*] He thinks he is a Cuckold, that is all.
You know he's froward, peevish, and the like.
Now 'Squire *Lovewell*, griev'd to see him strike,
Did ever since my Company refrain,
2. *Gos.*] Well, thou shalt go with me, he'll entertain
Us both; for he's a jolly Woman's Man,
And I will do you all the Good I can
To bring you into Favour now once more.
Hush, Gossip, hush! my Husband's at the Door;
I wou'd not have him hear what you do say,
For all the Kisses I shall have to Day.
But here he is. [2 *Gos.*] How d'ye, Neighbour *Num*?
In Troth, it was my lucky Chance to come
Along this Way, and, as I vow and swear,
Indeed, indeed I could no more forbear
The calling in to see your Wife, than I
Could eat or drink when hungry or a dry.
Here's little *Billy* grows a curious Boy,
And needs must be his Father's darling Joy.
Num.] But Neighbour, who is that? A wiser Head
Than yours or mine, knows not; but I have said.
2 *Gos.*] You're waggish still; I find you han't forgot
Your former Jokes; but I will tell you what,
I'd have you let your Wife walk forth with me.
Num.] Walk forth with you? Hum! let me, let me see:
In Troth, I had a scurvy Dream last Night,
Methought I had two Horns stood both upright

Over

Over my Brows, and two behind my Head,
And they are Things that I abhorr and dread.
2 *Gof.*] Tush let her go, dear Neighbour, ne'ertheleſs;
Who dreams that this or that they do poſſeſs,
It is a certain Sign they never ſhall
The ſame enjoy; ſo let thoſe Fancies fall.
And tell me, tell me, Neighbour, ſhall ſhe go?
Our precious Minutes ſlide away, you know.
Num.] I give her Leave; but, Neighbour, pray beware
Of Cuckold-makers; let them not inſnare
My Wife. [2 *Gof.*] No, no, Neighbour, I'll give my Oath
She ſhall return as chaſte as ſhe goes forth.
Num.] Enough, enough, dear Neighbour, ſay no more.
Wife.] Dear Love, I thank thee; farewell, ſhut the door,
And there keep Houſe 'till we return again.
Goſſip, we ſhall be in a merry Vein
Before we part; how far have we to go?
2 *Gof.*] To the *Horn-Tavern*, which is juſt below.
1 *Gof.*] I bleſs my Stars that ſent you unto me
This Day, for to procure ſome Liberty
For one that is a cloſe-confined Wife;
He makes me almoſt weary of my Life.
2 *Gof.*] Dear Goſſip, ceaſe that Talk, and ſay no more;
See, there's the *Horns*, and here's the Tavern-door.
Hark, Drawer, pray is Squire *Lovewell* here?
Draw.] No, Madam, wou'd he *was*; he's ſick: We fear
That he will never go abroad again.
1 G.] Bleſs me! how long amiſs? [*Dr.*] Laſt Night a Pain
Took him a-croſs the Heart, and now he lies
Panting for Life, with Groans and weeping Eyes.
2 *Gof.*] I'm ſorry for him, Friend, with all my Heart;
We know full well the deareſt Friends muſt part.
What ſhall we ſay? All muſt ſubmit to Fate;
This is a Diſappointment, Goſſip *Kate*:
But ne'ertheleſs, ſince we are both come out,
We'll not return without a merry Bout.
A ſudden Thought is juſt come in my Head;
'Tis full three Weeks ſince *Joan* was brought to Bed;

I think it is high Time that we had been
To visit her; let's go a Gossiping.
1 *Gos.*] Gossip, in Troth, I like the Motion well,
We'll summon *Bridget*, *Nancy*, *Sue*, and *Nell*;
The more the merrier, we'll go together,
And make our Hearts as light as Cork or Feather.
2 *Gos.*] Step on before, stay with my Gossip *Sue*,
And I'll go call the rest, and follow you.
1 *Gos.*] Bless me, my Stars! it is a lucky Hit,
In Troth, it does my pleasant Fancy fit;
To eat, drink, laugh, be merry, fits my Tooth,
I lov'd it all along down from my Youth:
But here she comes. Gossip, you have been quick.
2 *Gos.*] 'Tis true, I came just in the very Nick
Of Time, when they were dress'd and coming forth;
My Gossip *Nancy*, nay, and *Bridget* both,
They have been sending home to see for us.
1 *Gos.*] Bless me! could any thing have happen'd thus?
Sure not, if we had study'd seven Years.
2 *Gos.*] Nay, here's another sort of Joy appears;
It seems that they have bought the best of Meat,
As good as honest Women need to eat;
One Goose, two Capons, Chickens of the best,
A fine fat sucking Pig, all ready dress;
And, though I say it, by as fine a Cook,
If you will credit me, as ever took
Sharp Knife in Hand; withal the best of Drink,
The which will make us speak whate'er we think:
Six Quarts of Sack, and two of Rhenish Wine,
Of which we'll take a Glass before we dine;
'Twill chear our Hearts, likewise our Stomachs whet.
The Cook is coming, Nurse, the Table set;
Be quick and nimble, lend the Cook a Hand
To ease the Dishes down. Let us not stand
On Ceremonies; bring the Forks and Knives,
That we, like Gossips, may enjoy our Lives.
3 *Gos.*] I hope, young Man, the Sauces are well made;
So you may go, we have your Master paid.

Now,

Now, let us all in Order take our Places,
And I'll rehearſe one of our Goſſip's Graces.
Good Victuals does the beſt of Drink deſerve;
We having both, now let us eat and carve.
4 *Goſ.*] I will not ſtand to make the leaſt Excuſe;
Lend me that Knife, and I'll cut up the Gooſe.
I am not right, let me turn Edge and Point;
Who muſt I think upon to hit the Joint?
My own good Man; I think there's none more fit:
He's in my Thoughts, and now the Joint I hit.
Now I have done it, make no more Delay;
But let each Goſſip pleaſe her ſelf, I pray.
It is a curious Gooſe, and dreſs'd as well.
I think you love a Wing, my Goſſip *Nell.*
I do indeed. Then take that on your Plate.
Where are you, Nurſe? It is your Place to wait
With Diligence upon us while we dine;
Be brisk and active; fill a Glaſs of Wine.
'Tis very well: Here's Goſſip *Joan*'s good Health,
And to her going ſafe abroad, that Wealth
And Pleaſure may her laſting Portion be,
With all the Marks of Love's Felicity.
5 *Goſ.*] I'll pledge that loving Health with all my Heart;
From any thing that's Good I never ſtart.
'Tis charming Wine; ſtill paſs the Health about.
Nurſe.] I'll fetch another Bottle, this is out.
6 *Goſ.*] Nurſe, fill my ſmiling Glaſs up to the Top,
I'll pledge the Health, and leave not one ſmall Drop;
I never love to ſham or balk my Glaſs.
The Health's gone round; Now, Goſſips, let us paſs
From Drinking, to our Pig and other Food;
E'er long we ſhall be in a merry Mood.
4 *Goſ.*] Nurſe, warm a Plate, I would make bold to ſend
Some Pig to a poor Neighbour, and a Friend,
Who for this Month, or more, has been amiſs,
And ſhe, perhaps, may pick a Bit of this. [Wife.
5 *Goſ.*] Pray, who is it? [4 *Goſ.*] E'en *Doll*, the Taylor's
Poor Heart! with him ſhe leads a wretched Life:

He drinks abroad, and has his dainty Bits,
While she at home, poor Creature! starving sits.
6 *Gos.*] Nurse, take with you a Cup of Sack likewise,
To comfort her: Oh, how my Flesh does rise
Against such Villains, that can be so base!
3 *Gos.*] Why don't she serve him as did Gossip *Grace*
Her Husband, who was cruel, cross, and grim?
She made no more to do, but Cuckold him;
And while a Spark did cuddle, kiss, and dandle,
Her Husband was oblig'd to hold the Candle.
6 *Gos.*] In Troth, I think she serv'd him in his kind;
For why should any Woman be confin'd
To any crabbed Knave, when I can prove,
Wives are not made for Slavery, but Love?
5 *Gos.*] This very Story, Gossip, now has brought
Another pleasant Fancy to my Thought:
You know old *Bungey* has a youthful Wife,
And they, by Chance, one Night did gender Strife;
So thereupon he sets himself to Meat,
And never ask'd his loving Wife to eat:
His Guts he cramm'd, and after he had done,
Sends a bare Bone by his little Son
To his poor Wife, saying, Go tell her, *Dick*,
That I have sent her now that Bone to pick.
Go tell, quoth she, thy Father now from me,
Since marry'd, I have had young Children three,
Of which he got but one: I tell no Lies;
And that's a Bone for him to pick likewise.
6 *Gos.*] She hit him home a full Box on the Ear;
Now let us drink, and wash down our good Cheer;
Then when my Thirst is quench'd, Gossips, I'll tell
You how I was bilk'd by my Servant *Nell*.
Late in the Night, a very loving Neighbour
Did send for to invite me to her Labour;
I call'd my Servant up to let me out,
In Troth, her Honesty I did not doubt;
Yet ne'ertheless, when she had bar'd the Door,
And I was safe, this Baggage made no more

To

To do, but ſtrait goes to her Maſter's Bed,
And gave him for a Crown her Maidenhead;
It ſeems he pleas'd her well; for there ſhe lay
From Twelve a Clock 'till almoſt Break of Day.
4 *Goſ.*] But, Goſſip, pray, how came you to know
And underſtand, that ſhe had ſerv'd you ſo?
6 *Goſ.*] My Daughter, who lay with her, did awake,
And miſſing her, the Girl no Reſt could take,
But muſing lay, 'till Four or Five a Clock;
At length, ſhe heard her Father's Door unlock,
From whence this Slut came naked in her Smock.
4 *Goſ.*] The Caſe is plain, that you have been abus'd;
Have you that Crime quite pardon'd and excus'd?
6 *Goſ.*] No by my Troth, I turn'd away my Maid,
And there is ſomething more ſtill to be ſaid;
I'll fit my Husband likewiſe to a Hair,
He ſhall have what he does deſerve to wear:
As I'm an honeſt Woman, you another,
I have been often courted by his Brother,
Yet loth I was to yield; but now, I think,
I may take Liberty. Come, let us drink;
Where ſtands the Sack? [5 *Goſ.*] I have it in my Hand.
6 *Goſ.*] Puſh it about, and do not let it ſtand
Palling about, but drink the Bottle dry;
And when 'tis gone, we'll have a freſh Supply.
5 *Goſ.*] I wiſh the good Man of the Houſe was here,
To drink and taſte ſome of our Goſſips Chear.
Wife.] I think he's gone to treat with Juſtice *Crab*,
About a Weaver's Wife, an idle Drab,
Who did her Husband's Marriage-Bed abuſe
With *Criſpin*, for a Pair of fine lac'd Shooes;
And as they both were taken in the Fact,
Poor *Criſpin* he was to the *Savoy* pack'd,
And ſhe to *Bridewell*, where ſhe does remain.
My Husband's gone to get her out again;
And that is all. [2 *Goſ.*] Methinks, I ſmell a Rat;
Why ſhould your Man concern himſelf with that?

If he was not concern'd, he'd let her lie,
I fear he's had a Finger in that Pye.
2 *Gof.*] Don't judge ſo hard, he is an honeſt Man,
Willing to do the greateſt Good he can,
More for her Husband's ſake, than her's alone.
Don't mind her fooliſh Prattle, Goſſip *Joan*.
Your Husband's Abſence we'll not take amiſs;
Come, let us have his little Son to kiſs:
A pretty Babe! dear Goſſips, did you ever ſee
In all your Days, a ſweeter Child than he?
For ſmiling Looks, and curious White and Red,
A ſweeter Child no Woman ever bred.
Here's Mother's Chin, and Daddy's Eyes and Noſe,
And I'm reſolv'd to buy him the firſt Cloaths.
3 *Gof.*] And I a Coral. [4 *Gof.*] I a Silver Spoon.
A thriving Look he has, he'll prattle ſoon,
Dad, Dad, Dad, Dad, which is a pleaſing Sound.
Come, Goſſip *Suſan*, let the Glaſs go round;
'Tis almoſt Night, our Husbands they will think
We ſhall diſguiſe our ſelves by too much Drink.
But for my Part alone, I fear not mine,
I will drink what I pleaſe, Beer, Ale, or VVine;
And if at me his frowning Darts he flings,
I'll give him ſoon as good as e'er he brings.
1 *Gof.*] If you can rule your Husband, I cannot;
Mine is a crabbed jealous-pated Sot;
A Man can never kiſs or look on me,
But ſtrait he's ſeized with a Jealouſie;
His Gall he frets, and bites his very Thumb,
And thinks of nothing elſe but Cuckoldom.
A Plague I think it is, there's nothing worſe.
Come, let us gather ſomething for the Nurſe;
Here's half a Crown, and there is Shillings five;
Here's *two*, here's *three*, here's *four*; Nurſe, now ye thrive;
Much good may't do ye: Goſſip *Joan*, good Night;
I thank ye, Neighbours. Nurſe, take Care, and light
Them down the Stairs; farewell with all my Heart,
And as they met in Love, ſo now they part.

Poeſies

Poeſies for Rings, —— or other Things.

THis was not ſent — In Compliment.
Let us ſhare — In Joy and Care.
In thy Breaſt — My Heart does reſt.
The Love is true — That i o u.
Deſpiſe not me, — For I love thee.
Of all the reſt, — I love thee beſt.
The Love I owe, — I fain would ſhow.
O that I might — Have thee my Right.
VVhat I call mine, — Shall all be thine.
I ſurely die, — If you deny.
I love none, — But thee alone.
I'll rather die, — Than not comply.
Love is here — Both plain and clear.
As I affect thee; — So reſpect me.
No Turtle Dove — Hath firmer Love.
My Love by this — Preſented is.
Heart and Hand — At your Command.
The Sight of thee, — Is Life to me.
In Conſtancy — I'll live and die.
I am yours, — VVhile Life endures.

GOD hath choſe a Mate for me,
I'll honour Him in loving thee.

Thee did I find, Thee did I chuſe;
Thee do I bind, but Death muſt looſe.

As I expect, ſo let me find,
A faithful Heart and conſtant Mind.

GOD hath kept my Heart for thee,
Grant that our Love may faithful be.

Such Pleaſure in my Choice I find,
That nought but Death ſhall change my Mind.

VVit, VVealth, and Beauty, all do well;
But conſtant Love doth theſe excell.

The Eye finds, the Heart chooſeth,
The Hand binds, but Death looſeth.

Mirth *and* Musick:

OR, A

COLLECTION

Of the Newest and Choicest

SONGS,

SUNG AT

Either PLAY-HOUSE *or* COURT.

CONTAINING

Love SONGS, Merry CATCHES, and Jovial HEALTHS.

The Curtain-Lecture. To a New Tune.

He. OF all Comforts I miscarry'd,
When I play'd the Sot and marry'd;
'Tis a Trap there's none need doubt on't,
Those that are in't, would fain get out on't.

She. Fie, my Dear, pray come to Bed,
This Napkin take, and bind your Head;
Too much Drink your Brains has dos'd,
You'll be quite alter'd when repos'd.

He. Ouns, 'tis all one, if I'm up, or lie down;
For as soon as the Cock crows, I'll be gone.

She. 'Tis to grieve me, thus you leave me;
Was I, was I made a Wife to lie alone?

He. From your Arms my self divorcing,
I this Morn must ride a Coursing;

Sport

Sport that far excells a Madam,
Or all Wives have been ſince *Adam*.

She. I, when thus I have loſt my Due,
Muſt hug my Pillow, wanting you;
And whilſt you're toping all the Day,
Regale in Cups of harmleſs Tea.

He. Pox, what care I, take your Slops 'till ye die,
Yond's Brandy will keep me a Month from home.

She. If thus parted, I am broken-hearted;
When I, when I ſend for you, my Dear, pray come.

He. E'er I'll be from Rambling hind'red,
I'll renounce my Spouſe and Kindred:
To be ſober I've no Leiſure;
What's a Man without his Pleaſure?

She. To my Grief then I muſt ſee
Strong Ale and *Nantz* my Rivals be;
When you're toping with your Blades,
Poor I ſit ſtitching with my Maids.

He. Ouns, you may go to your Goſſips, you know,
And there if you can meet a Friend, pray do.

She. Go, you Joker, go, Provoker;
Never, never ſhall I meet a Man like you.

He. If I mayn't in Town debauch it,
Then to *Tunbridge* I will coach it,
And there living woundy merry,
Drinking on both Red and Sherry.

She. Ay, for Water, I dare ſwear,
That you never will drink there;
But your Wife, at home with Scorn,
May drink Water Night and Morn.

He. Pox of the Trade, if that you are ſo mad,
You may drink on your Water 'till you're dead.

She. I believe ye, I'll deceive ye,
Can I, can I lie alone, d'ye think, in Bed?

He. Can't you lie alone, to eaſe you?
Then take who you will to pleaſe you;
I abroad muſt ſtill be gadding,
Tho' it ſets my Wife a madding.

She. VVell, I find you will me teeze,
And take your Pleasure and your Ease;
Since it is so, then I will do
Something daily for to vex you.
He. VVill you do so? then together let us go,
Lest a Cuckold at length I should grow.
She. Since you starve it, you deserve it;
But I, but I am an honest VVife, you know.

An Answer to the Curtain-Lecture.

To the same Tune.

WHY should Marriage be despis'd,
Since we know 'twas ever priz'd?
None but Fools did ever slight it,
But the VVise did always like it.
In Paradise, when *Adam* he
Chief of the same was plac'd to be,
E'er he awoke out of his Sleep,
Prepar'd for him was a Help-meet.
This shews that VVomen were ordain'd for Men,
For to be a Comfort unto them;
They are delighting and inviting;
Men are surely, surely made to love again.

Some young Men may be compar'd
To boundless VVaves, by the VVind carry'd;
By Hawks and Hounds there's many wounded,
And their Substance quite confounded.
Drunkenness is a sad Thing,
And VVhoring strange Diseases bring;
VVhat Pleasure then pray can there be
To bring our selves to Misery?
Of Days thus spent, we ought to relent,
And take to a VVife that gives Heart-content,
She'll you nourish, love and cherish;
In such a Wife you never, never can repent.

The

The Duke of Marlborough's Health.

To a Pleasant New Tune.

Marlborough's a brave Commander,
He conducts us into the Field,
As bold as *Alexander*!
He'll die before he'll yield.
Sound the Trumpets, sound, Boys,
Let each Man stand his Ground, Boys;
Ne'er let us flinch, nor give back an Inch,
And so let his Health go round, Boys.

Sing mighty *Marlborough*'s Story,
Mars of the Field, he passes the *Scheld*;
And, to increase his Glory,
The *French* all fly or yield.
Vendosme drew out to spite him,
Th' Houshold Troops to fright him,
Princes o'th' Blood got off as they cou'd,
But ne'er durst return to fight him.

This Year of Wonders,
The Gens d'Arms gor'd with Bullet and Sword,
Quake when the General thunders;
Almanza was the Word.
Sound the Trumpets, sound Boys,
This to his Health be crown'd, Boys.
Circle his Brows with fresh Oaken Boughs,
And thus let the Glass go round, Boys.

And cou'd we tope an Ocean,
His Due we hardly give:
Still there's one more must be, Boys,
Hannover makes them up Three, Boys;
Three in a Hand;
I'll drink to my Friend,
And so let us all agree, Boys.

The Virgin's Venture. To a New Tune.

FRom grave Leſſons and Reſtraint,
I'm ſtole out to revel here;
Yet I tremble and I pant,
In the middle of the Fair;
Oh! Oh! Oh! wou'd Fortune in my way
Throw a Lover kind and gay:
Now's the Time, now's the Time,
Now's the Time he ſoon may move
A young Heart unus'd to Love;
Shall I venture? No, no, no;
Shall I from the Danger go?
Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no;
I muſt not try, I cannot fly,
I muſt not, darſt not, cannot fly.
Help me, Nature, help me, Art,
Why ſhould I de——ny my Heart?
Help me, Nature, help me, Art,
Why ſhould I deny my Heart?
If a Lover will purſue,
Like the Wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true,
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

While I am endu'd with Senſe,
To diſtinguiſh what is beſt,
Cupid's Darts of Violence
Shall not penetrate my Breaſt;
No, no, no; but yet, methinks, I feel
What I cannot well conceal.
Let me ſtrive, let me ſtrive,
Let me ſtrive the beſt I can,
To abhorr the Thoughts of Man.
Shall I love them? No, no, no;
Shall I from their Kiſſes go?

Oh!

Oh! no, no, no, no, no, no,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no,
I muſt not take, I can't forſake,
I muſt not, darſt not, can't forſake,
Help me, *Cupid*, grant me Love;
Then by all the Powers above:
Help me, *Cupid*, grant me Love;
Then by all the Powers above;
If young *Strephon* will purſue,
Like the Wiſeſt let me do;
I will fit him, if he's true;
If he's falſe, I'll fit him too.

The young Maiden in Haſte to be married.

To a pleaſant New Tune.

THere is three Days to my Wedding-day,
And that is too long for a Maiden to ſtay;
Then come away, Lover, then come away, Lover,
Then come away, Lover, and make no Delay,

You have been this Six Weeks a courting of me,
And yet the bleſt Wedding-day I cannot ſee;
Tarry no longer, tarry no longer,
Tarry no longer, my Deareſt, from me.

You ſay, that next *Thurſday* our Wedding ſhall be;
But why not on *Monday*, my deareſt *Jemmy*?
Delays very often, *&c.*
Delays very often breed Danger we ſee.

Then *Jemmy* to *Sarah* did make this Reply,
Delays do breed Danger, I cannot deny;
But why art ſo haſty, *&c.*
But why art ſo haſty, my *Sarah*, O why?

Becauſe many Times, my dear *Jemmy*, I know
Men promiſe, and oftentimes from their Words go:
Therefore let's on *Monday*, *&c.*
Therefore let's on *Monday* be marry'd, I tro.

And

And then we will dance, and we'll merrily ſing,
In all ſorts of Mirth we will have our full Swing;
Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, &c.
Let's marry'd be, *Jemmy*, my Lord and my King.

If we, my Dear, in haſte to Church go,
At Leiſure we may then repent it, you know:
Then be not ſo haſty, &c.
Then be not ſo haſty our ſelves to undo.

I prithee now, *Jemmy*, do not with me jeſt,
I long to be wedded, I vow and proteſt;
To marry on *Monday*, &c.
To marry on *Monday* I hold it the beſt.

O tell me not ſo, then young *Jemmy* he ſaid,
What, are you a-weary of being a Maid?
Beſides, my new Cloathing, &c.
Beſides, my new new Cloathing are not all yet made.

Then will you not fail me on *Thurſday*, my Dear,
My Heart it doth beat both with Trembling and Fear.
Oh, were I but marry'd, &c.
Oh, were I but marry'd, I then ſhould not care.

On *Thurſday*, my Deareſt, thou ſhalt be my Bride,
And then for ſweet Kiſſes and ſomething beſide:
What thou doſt deſire, &c.
What thou doſt deſire, ſhall not be deny'd.

I thank thee, dear *Jemmy*; but ſince thou wilt go,
What 'tis to be marry'd I long for to know;
I wiſh the Day come once, &c.
I wiſh the Day come once, that I might do ſo.

My Heart in my Belly doth now jump for Joy,
To think how my *Jemmy* and I ſhall then toy:
I'll warrant thee, *Sarah*, &c.
I'll warrant thee, *Sarah*, I'll get thee a Boy.

The Lover's Petition.

To an Excellent New Tune.

Cælia, my Heart has often rang'd,
Like Bees on gaudy Flowers;
And many thouſand Lovers has chang'd,
'Till twas fix'd, 'till 'twas fix'd on yours.
But, *Cælia*, when I ſaw thoſe Eyes,
'Twas ſoon, 'twas ſoon determin'd there;
Stars might as well forſake the Skies,
And vaniſh into Air.
Now if from thoſe great Rules I err,
New Beauties, new Beauties to adore,
May I again, and again turn Wanderer,
And never, never, never, never ſettle more.

When I beheld thy charming Grace,
My Heart was all on Fire,
And my Affections ſoon took place,
And never could, and never could retire;
But like a fixed Rock remain,
So long, ſo long as Life ſhall laſt;
Then do not kill me with Diſdain,
Nor all my Glory blaſt;
But ſend one ſweet and pleaſant Smile,
To keep me, to keep me from Deſpair;
For in your Love, for in your Love I flouriſh, while
You give me, give me, you give me Hopes, ſweet charming Fair.

I'd rather die than live in Grief,
For then my Pains are ended:
'Tis you alone can yield Relief,
Let Bleſſings be, let Bleſſings be extended,
To ſave me from a ruin'd State,
Which now, which now I dread and fear:
One Word of Comfort now relate,
My Joy, my Love, my Dear.

Then

Then *Crœsus* with his golden Store,
Could never, could never me outvie;
Grant me thy Love, thy Love, I ask no more,
Then *Cælia*, *Cælia*, then *Cælia*, make a kind Reply.

The Huntſman's SONG. To a New Tune.

TAN twive, twive, twive, twive, high and low,
Hark, hark how the merry, merry Horn doth blow,
Over the Bogs we'll follow the Dogs,
For Puſs is gone over the Plain.
Then over the Lands and Meadows we'll rowl,
And hark for a Hollow from ev'ry kind Soul;
And at next Country Cottage turn off a brown Bowl;
No Pleaſure like Hunting, to cheriſh the Soul.

Then follow, follow, follow, follow, brave Boys,
Keep in with the Beagles now, while the Scent lies;
The fiery Face God is ready to riſe,
Which doth all the World controul.
There's *Ringwood* & *Rockwood*, there's *Jowler* & *Spring*,
There's *Thunder*, with *Wonder*, makes all the Woods ring,
With Horſemen and Footmen, hey ding a ding;
No Pleaſure like Hunting, to cheriſh a King.

Now, over, over, over, over Hedge and Style,
Through Buſhes and Briers ſhe runs her File,
While *Rockwood* and *Ringwood* purſue her the while,
Like Lightning through the Air;
Over Hills and high Mountains away ſhe goes,
The Huntſman the merry, merry Horn he blows;
And when we have done, we carouze at the *Roſe*,
In Claret we drown our Care.

Now, never, never, never was there ſweeter Sport,
In Country, City, in Town, or Court,
For Pleaſure, according as fame does report,
Like hunting the nimble Hare.
They ſee how the Beagles do ſwiftly run,
As if they kept Pace with the moving Sun;
The Sport being ended, the Day being done,
To *Bacchus* they do repair. Now

Now follow, follow, follow, follow, Boys,
To fill all the Foreſt and Groves with Noiſe;
And as we arrive to the Height of our Joys,
With Pleaſure our Sport is crown'd;
Then rouze, and away, it is Break of Day,
Ten Pounds upon *Rockwood* I'll fairly lay;
He'll follow the Scent, and he'll give fair Play,
Until he has run her down.

The witty, witty, witty, witty Beaus,
They hunt after Mutton dreſs'd up in long Cloaths;
But we are for hunting the Bucks and the Does,
O'er every Park and Plain.
No Pleaſure more Noble I do declare,
No Pleaſure can with it the leaſt compare;
For when we have done with the Deer and Hare,
We hunt the Fox down the Red Lane.

The Lover's Queſtion to Cupid.

To an excellent New Play-houſe Tune.

IF Love's a ſweet Paſſion, why does it torment?
If a bitter, O tell me, whence comes my Content?
Since I ſuffer with Pleaſure, why ſhould I complain?
Or grieve at my Fate, when I know 'tis in vain?
Yet ſo pleaſing the Pain is, ſo ſoft is the Dart,
That at once it both wounds me, and tickles my Heart.

I graſp her Hand gently, look languiſhing down,
And by paſſionate Silence I make my Love known;
But Oh! how I'm bleſt when ſo kind ſhe does prove,
By ſome willing Miſtake, to diſcover her Love;
When in ſtriving to hide it, ſhe reveals all her Flame,
And our Eyes tell each other what neither can name.

How pleaſant is Beauty? how ſweet are the Charms?
How delightful Embraces? how peaceful her Arms?
Sure there's nothing ſo eaſy as learning to love,
It's taught us on Earth, and by all Things above;
And to Beauty's bright Standard all Heroes muſt yield,
For 'tis Beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair Field.

A Scotch

A Scotch Song.

Jockey was a dowdy Lad,
And *Jemmy* ſwarth and tawny;
They my Heart no Captive made,
For that was Prize to *Sawny*.
Jockey woes, and ſighs, and ſues,
And *Jemmy* offers Money;
Weel, I ſee, they both love me;
But I love only *Sawny*.

Jockey high his Voice can raiſe,
And *Jemmy* tunes the Viol;
But when *Sawny* pipes ſweet Lays,
My Heart kens no Denial:
One he ſings, and t'other's Strings,
Tho' ſweet, yet only teeze me;
Sawny's Flute can only do't,
And pipe a Tune to pleaſe me.

The Yielding Maid.

O Fie! what mean I, fooliſh Maid,
In this remote and ſilent Shade,
To meet with you alone?
My Heart does with the Place combine,
And both are more your Friends than mine,
And both are more your Friends than mine.
Oh! oh! oh! I ſhall, I ſhall, I ſhall be undone!
Oh! oh! oh! oh! I ſhall be undone!

A ſavage Beaſt I would not fear;
Or ſhould I meet with Villains here,
I to ſome Cave would run:
But ſuch inchanting Art you ſhow,
I cannot ſtrive, I cannot go:
Oh! I ſhall be undone, *&c.*

Ah! give your ſweet Temptations o'er,
I'll touch thoſe dangerous Lips no more:
What! muſt we yet feel on?

Ah!

Ah! now I yield, ah! now I fall,
Ah! now I have no Breath at all,
And now I'm quite undone!

A New Medly. Tune of *State and Ambition.*

STate and Ambition, all Joy to great *Cæsar*,
Sawny shall ne'er be my *Colly* my Cow;
All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,
And call upon *Dobbin* with a Hi, je, ho.
Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done,
And, *Jenny*, come tie my bonny Cravat:
If I live to grow old, for I find I go down,
For I cannot come every Day to woe.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, *Tom Farthing*;
And *Jockey* and *Jenny* together did lye;
O Mother, *Roger!* Boys, fill us a Bumper;
For why will ye die, my poor *Celia*? ah! why?
Hark! how the thund'ring Cannons do roar;
Ladies of *London*, both wealthy and fair;
Charon, make haste, and ferry me o'er,
Lilly burlero, bullen a lah.

Chloris, awake; Four-pence-half-penny-farthing:
Give me the Lass that is true Country bred;
Like *John* of *Gaunt*, I walk in *Covent-Garden*,
I am a Maid, and a very good Maid.
Two bonny Lads were *Sawny* and *Jockey*,
The Delights of the Bottle, & Charms of good Wine,
Wading the Water so deep, my sweet *Maggy*,
Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old *Obadiah* sings *Ave Maria*,
Sing Lull-a-by-baby, with a Dildo;
The old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
Now this is my Love, d'y' like her ho?
Old *Chiron* thus preach'd to his Pupil *Achilles*,
And under this Stone lies *Gabriel John*;
Happy was I at the Sight of fair *Phyllis*,
What should a young Woman do with an old Man?

There's

There's old Father *Peters*, with his *Romish* Creatures;
There was an old Woman sold Puddings and Pies.
Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder;
I once lov'd a Lass that had bright rowling Eyes.
There's my Maid *Mary*, she does mind her Dairy,
I took to my Heels, and away I did run,
And bids him prepare to be happy to Morrow,
Alas! I don't know the right End of a Gun.

My Life and Death do lie both in your Power,
And every Man to his Mind, *Shrewsbury* for me;
On a Bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing:
Shall I die a Maid now, and ne'er marry'd be?
Uds bobs, let *Oliver* now be forgotten,
Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark;
Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the World over,
And here's a full Bumper to *Robin John Clark*.

A SONG on TOBACO.

TObaco is but an *Indian* Weed,
Grows green in the Morn, cut down at Eve;
It shews our Decay,
We are but Clay,
Think of this, and take Tobaco.

The Pipe that is so lily White,
Wherein so many take Delight;
Is broke with a Touch,
Man's Life is such,
Think of this, and take Tobaco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin;
It does require
To be purg'd with Fire,
Think of this, and take Tobaco.

The Ashes that are left behind,
Does serve to put us all in Mind,
That into Dust
Return we must,
Think of this, and take Tobaco.

The

The Smoke that does so high ascend,
Shews you Man's Life must have an End;
— The Vapour's gone,
Man's Life is done,
Think of this, and take Tobacco.

A Song *on* Women, Wine, *and* Musick.

HOW lovely's a Woman before she's enjoy'd,
When the Spirits are strong, & Fancy not cloy'd?
We admire ev'ry Part, though never so plain,
Which, when throughly possess'd, we quickly disdain.

So Drinking we love too, just at the same Rate;
For when we are at it, we foolishly prate
What Acts we have done, and set up for a Wit;
But next Morning's Pains our Pleasures do quit.

But Musick's a Pleasure that tires not soon,
'Tis pleasant in Morning, 'tis welcome at Noon;
'Tis charming at Night to sing Catches in Parts,
It diverts our dull Hours, and rejoices our Hearts.

But Musick alone, without Women and Wine,
Will govern but dully, though never so fine;
Therefore, by Consent, we'll enjoy them all three,
Wine and Musick for you, and the Women for me.

A Health to Bacchus.

HEre's a Health to jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to jolly *Bacchus*,
Here's a Health to jolly *Bacchus*, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho*;
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us,
For he doth merry make us, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho*.
[* *At this Star they all bow to each other, and sit down.*]
[† *At this Dagger, all the Company beckons the Drawer.*]
* Come, sit ye down together,
Come, sit ye down together,
Come, sit ye down together, *I—ho, I—ho, I—ho*;

And

And † bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither,
And bring more Liquor hither, *I—he, I—he, I—he.*

* *At this Star, the first Man drinks his Glass, while all the others sing and point at him.*

† *At this Dagger they all sit down, clapping their next Man on the Shoulder.*

It goes into the * *Cranium*,
It goes into the *Cranium*,
It goes into the *Cranium*, *I—he, I—he, I—he.*
And † thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion,
And thou'rt a boon Companion, *I—he, I—he, I—he.*

* *Then the 2d Man takes his Glass, all the Company singing*, Here's a Health, *&c. so round.*

The Country 'Squire tam'd.

To a New Play-house Tune.

SLaves to *London*, I'll deceive you,
For the Country now I leave you;
VVho can drink, and not be mad,
VVine so dear, and yet so bad?

So much Noise, and Air so smoaky,
That to stun you, this to choak ye;
Men so selfish, false, and rude,
Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we're sure of losing;
If we love, our Doom we're chusing;
At the Play-house tedious Sport,
Cant i'th' City, cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, VVhores, and Cullies,
Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry where;
VVho that's wise would tarry here?

Quiet, harmless Country Pleasure,
Shall at home divert my Leisure. Farewel,

Farewel, *London*, I'll repair
To my native Country Air:
And leave all my Plagues behind me:
But at home my VVife will find me!
Oh, ye Gods! 'tis ten times worſe,
London is the milder Curſe.

A New Health.

HEre's a Health to the King,
King *GEORGE* I do mean,
The great Duke of *Marlborough*, and Prince *Eugene*;
VVith your Lips to the Glaſs,
And your Knee to the Ground,
So merry, merry, merrily the Health goes round.

N. B. *Here each Man drinks his Glaſs, and ſo the next takes it, all ſinging again.*

A New Health to Prince Eugene.

THE valiant *Eugene*
To *Vienna* is gone;
And ſince deny'd
To be ſupply'd,
All his Troops are undone;
For the haughty *Vendoſme*,
New Recruits being come,
So proud is grown of two to one,
Swears Revenge to puſh home;
And late Loſſes, Diſgraces,
And Croſſes, will ſoon
Retaliate, now the General is gone.
O *Leopold!* O *Baden!*
VVhat Fiend has perſwaden
Your Prieſt-ridden Clan
Simply to balk ſo brave a Man?
Though *Carthage* grew proud,
VVhich the Story once ſhew'd
How well the grand
Blind *African*

O'er

O'er the *Alps* hew'd out his Road,
All the Rocks in his way,
Were but Puff-paſte and Clay,
To thoſe were ſeen,
When Great *Eugene*
Made his rugged Eſſay,
Where no Storm, nor loud Thunder,
This Wonder
Could ever from his Purpoſe cauſe to ſtray,
Tho' Watches, Diſpatches, and Lying, Crying
His Youth did ſo decay,
Sable Locks turn'd into Grey.

Then *Latium* give o'er,
Name *Cæſar* no more,
Nor the *Macedon*,
VVhoſe high Renown
VVas ſo blaz'd on before:
But let glorious *Eugene*,
That auguſt Man of Men,
Be ſounded high, as far as Sky,
Or the Globe can contain;
For a braver or bolder
Good Soldier,
Did never in the bloody Field maintain his Ground.
Hell take thoſe remove him,
And here's to thoſe that love him,
Drink, drink, Boys, around,
And his Foes *Pluto* confound.

Celladon's *Courtſhip*. To a new Tune.

Celladon, when Spring came on,
VVoo'd *Sylvia* in a Grove,
Both gay and young, and ſtill he ſung
The ſweet Delights of Love:
VVedded Joys in Girls and Boys,
And pretty Chat of this and that,
The honey Kiſs, and charming Bliſs,
That crowns the Marriage-bed,

He

He ſnatch'd her Hand, ſhe bluſh'd and ſmil'd,
And ſeem'd as if afraid;
Forbear, ſhe cries, your fawning Lyes,
I've vow'd to die a Maid.

Celladon at that began
To talk of Apes in Hell,
And what was worſe, the odious Curſe
Of growing old and ſtale;
Loſs of Bloom, when Wrinkles come,
And Offers kind, when none will mind;
The roſy Joy, and ſparkling Eye,
Grown faded and decay'd.
At which, when known, ſhe chang'd her Tone,
And to the Shepherd ſaid,
Dear Swain, give o'er, I'll think once more
Before I'll die a Maid.

The Parſon among the Peaſe.

To a Play-houſe Tune.

ONE long *Whitſon*-holiday, holiday, holiday, 'twas a jolly Day,
Young *Ralph*, buxom *Phyllida*, *Phyllida*, well-a-day! met in the Peaſe:
They long had Community; he lov'd her, ſhe lov'd him; joyful Unity!
Nought but Opportunity ſcanting was wanting their Boſoms to raiſe:
But now Fortune's Cruelty, Cruelty, you will ſee; for as they lye
In cloſe Hug, Sir *Dominé*, *Gemini*! *Gemini*! chanc'd to come by:
He read Pray'rs i'th' Family: No way now to frame a Lie!
They, ſcar'd at old *Homily*, *Homily*, *Homily*, both away fly.

So ſoon as he ſaw the Sight, full of Spite, as a Kite,
runs the Rechabite,
Like a holy Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Hypocrite, Miſ-
chief to ſay;
Save he would fair *Phyllida*, *Phyllida*, *Phyllida*, dreſt
that Holiday;
But poor *Ralph*, ah, well-a-day! well-a-day! turn'd
was away:
Ads Niggs, cries Sir *Domini*, *Gemini*! *Gemini*! ſhall
a Rogue ſtay
To balk me as commonly, commonly, commonly
has been his way?
No!— I rule the Family; they know nought to
blame me by:
I read Prayers and *Homily*, *Homily*, *Homily*, three
times a Day.

The Jealous Lover's deplorable Tragedy.

To an Excellent New Tune.

WHilſt I gaze on *Cloe* trembling,
Straight her Eyes my Fate declare;
When ſhe ſmiles, I fear diſſembling,
When ſhe frowns, I then deſpair;
Jealous of ſome Rival Lover,
If a wand'ring Look ſhe give,
Fain I would reſolve to leave her;
But can ſooner ceaſe to live.

Why ſhould I conceal my Paſſion,
Or the Torments I endure?
I will diſcloſe my Inclination,
Awful Diſtance yields no Cure.
Sure it is not in her Nature
To be cruel to her Slave;
She is too divine a Creature,
To deſtroy what ſhe can ſave.

Happy's

Happy's he, whose Inclination
VVarms but with a gentle Heat,
Never flies up to a Passion;
Love's a Torment, if too great.
VVhen the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows;
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose.

Jealous Fears are still presenting,
To the Faithful black Despair,
Causing Sighs and sad Lamenting,
Pleasant Slumbers come not there:
Raptures of confused Orders,
Glory, Ruin, Pleasure, Spleen,
Beauty Triumph, wilful Murders,
These sad Aspects I have seen.

VVhile I unlamented languish,
In the Chains of Love confin'd,
VVords cannot express the Anguish
Of a wounded Heart and Mind.
Pity, pity the Condition
Of a bleeding Captive Slave;
Cloe is the best Physician,
VVho can cure the VVound she gave.

The Curtain-Lecture. Tune of *Celladon.*

BEing drunk last Night, I found
my VVife was in a Pet;
Do what I cou'd, for my Heart's blood, I
she still would scold and fret;
And thus her Chat she did begin:
Is this your coming in?
The Clock strikes One, you'll be undone;
is this a Life to lead?
My Dear, said I, I don't deny
but what you say is true;
I do intend my Life to mend,
Lend me the Pot to spew.

You filthy Beaſt, you have increas'd
my Sorrow, Grief, and Care
By Drunkenneſs; I do profeſs,
I'm almoſt in Deſpair;
For you drink, and ſure, I think,
you will deſtroy a VVoman's Joy,
VVhich I ſhould have, you drunken Knave;
my very Heart will rue.
No, no, he cry'd, my charming Bride,
believe me, this is true,
I do intend my Life to mend,
Lend me the Pot to ſpew.

Take it your ſelf, you wicked Elf,
I am not bound to wait
Upon you here; alas! I fear
you'll ruin my Eſtate
VVhich I brought; I little thought
that in VVine, the Land of mine,
You would have ſpent; I do lament,
my very Heart doth rue.
He groaning cry'd, My charming Bride,
a Love I have for you;
And I intend my Life to mend,
Lend me the Pot to ſpew.

How you look! I never took
you for a drunken Man;
But now I find you prove unkind,
conſuming all you can:
In Taverns ſtill, there do you ſwill,
deſtroy your Health, conſume your VVealth;
O this is more than can be bore,
alas! what ſhall I do?
Love, do not weep, but let me ſleep
another Hour or two;
For by Degrees I ſhall have Eaſe,
if you'll lend's the Pot to ſpew.

Britain's *Resolution against the* French.

TO Arms, to Arms, to Arms, to Arms,
Your Enſigns now diſplay:
Now, now, now, now, now, now, now, now,
Set the Battel in Array;
The Oracle for VVar declares, for VVar declares,
Succeſs depends, Succeſs depends
Upon your Hearts and Spears.
Britons, ſtrike home,
Revenge, revenge your Country's VVrongs;
Fight, fight, and record,
Fight, fight, and record
Your ſelves in Druids Songs;
Fight, fight, and record,
Fight, fight, and record
Your ſelves in Druids Songs.

Enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd, enrag'd,
Your Showers of Ball let fly;
Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come,
Let us win the Day, or die:
The Honour of the Field we have, the Field we have,
With loud Huzza's, with loud Huzza's,
Preſs on you bold and brave,
The Honour of the Field.
Britons, maintain your Rights, your Rights,
By conquering Blows;
Down, down with the Pride,
Down, down with the Pride
Of your late vanquiſht Foes;
Down, down with the Pride,
Down, down with the Pride
Of your late vanquiſht Foes.

Let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze, let's rouze
The *Britiſh* Lyon bold;
See how, how, how, how, how, how
His heroick Eyes are roll'd;

While ſilver Trumpets ſound a Charge,
Break thro' their Ranks, break thro' their Ranks,
And make em fly for Fear, (charge Front and Rear;
Whilſt ſilver Trumpets ſound.
Let them be drove
Before, before your conquering Arms,
And cauſe them to dread,
And cauſe them to dread
Great Britain's loud Alarms;
And cauſe them to dread,
And cauſe them to dread
Great Britain's loud Alarms.

The Dame of Honour.

SInce all the World's turn'd Upſide-down,
and all Things chang'd in Nature,
As if a Doubt was newly grown
we had the ſame Creator;
Of ancient Modes and former Ways
I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
In good Queen *Beſs*'s golden Days,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

I had an ancient Noble Seat,
tho' now it's come to Ruin,
Where Mutton, Beef, and ſuch good Meat,
in th' Hall was daily chewing;
Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
I was the yearly Donor,
Where toping Knaves had many a Pull,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

My Men of home-ſpun honeſt Greys,
had Coats and comely Badges;
They wore no dirty, ragged Lace,
nor e'er complain'd of Wages.
For gawdy Fringe, and Silks o'th' Town,
I fear'd no threatning Dunner;
But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

I ſtill

I ſtill preſerv'd my Maiden Fame,
in Spight of Oaths and Lying,
Though many a luſty Youngſter came,
and fain would be enjoying;
My Fan, to guard my Lips, I kept
from *Cupid*'s lewd O'er-runner;
And many a *Roman* Noſe I rapp'd,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

With Water clean I waſh'd each Morn
my Face, all Paint denying;
Nor thought Art Nature cou'd adorn,
black Patches too defying.
The Pariſh ne'er could clap their Hands,
and cry out, Fie upon her!
But liv'd in chaſteſt Marriage-Bonds,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

Of *England*'s right Reformed Church,
I was a due Frequenter;
Nor fear'd I to be left i'th' Lurch
by factious, ſly Diſſenter.
Of Pray'rs and Leſſons, ev'ry Day
I was a pious Conner;
And half my Means I gave away,
when I was a Dame of Honour.

My Neighbours ſtill I treated round,
and Strangers that came near me,
The Poor too always Welcome found,
whoſe Prayers did ſtill endear me:
Let therefore who at Court would be
no Churl, nor yet no Fawner;
But match with Hoſpitality
Queen Beſs's *Dame of Honour.*

The Sporting Hay-makers.

IN the merry Month of *June*,
in the prime Time of the Year,
Down in yonder's Meadow
there runs a River clear;
And many a little Fish
doth in that River play;
And many a Lad, and many a Lass
was abroad a making Hay.

In came the Scythe-men
to mow the Meadow down,
With Budget and with Bottle
of Ale that is so brown:
All labouring Men of Courage bold,
came there their Skill to try;
Let's whet and blow, and stoutly mow,
for the Grass cuts very dry.

There's nimble *Tib* and *Tom*,
with Pitch-fork and with Rake;
There's *Moll*, *Nell*, and *Susan*,
came there their Hay to make:
Sweet *Jug*, *Jug*, *Jug*, *Jug*, sweet,
the Nightingale doth sing,
From the Morning until Evening,
as they were a Hay-making.

But when bright *Phœbus*,
the Sun, was going down,
A merry dispos'd Piper
approaching from the Town,
Pull'd out his Pipe and Tabor,
disposing for to play,
Which made them all lay down their Rakes,
and to leave off making Hay.

So joyning in a Dance,
we jig it on a Green;
Though tyred with our Labour,
no Wearineſs is ſeen:
All tripping like to Fairies,
our Dance we do purſue,
With leading up and caſting off,
'till the Morning is in view.

Then each Lad he takes his Laſs,
the Morning being come,
And lies down in their Hay-Cocks,
'till the Riſing of the Sun;
There ſporting all the while,
while the harmleſs Birds do ſing,
Each Lad ariſe, and take your Laſs,
and away to Hay-making.

The Nice Lady.

VIrgins ſo fair, at length it may prove
Your Deſtiny to be in Love,
Pray grant me ſuch a Fate;
May Prudence always be my Guide,
With a little, little Decency and Pride
My Actions regulate.

When firſt in Love I do commence,
May it be with a Man of Senſe,
And learned Education;
May all his Courtſhip be to me
Neither too formal, nor too free,
But wiſely ſhew his Paſſion.

May his Eſtate agree with mine,
That it may look like no Deſign
To bring us both to Sorrow:
Grant me this that I have ſaid,
And willingly I'd live a Maid
No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree
And neither of us angry be,
But live free from all Sorrow:
If one be croſs, may the other ſay,
My Dear, we won't fall out to Day,
Whate'er we do to Morrow.

The Bacchanalian.

COme, fill us a Bumper of Red, my brave Boys,
Let us call for the Slaves from below;
Wine alone 'tis inſpires the Mind with true Joys,
Since the Gods in their Heaven drink ſo.

He that troubles his Brain with dull Cares, is an Aſs,
Having ſuch brisk Liquor before him;
Let us bury the World in the Grave of the Glaſs,
And for the brisk God, let's adore him.

Let us laugh at the Wiſe, and their Morals deſpiſe,
The rich Juice 'tis affords us Delight;
Let us drink a ſweet Health to our Miſtreſs's Eyes,
'Till our own Eyes ſhall bid us good Night.

The Lover's Queſtion.

WHY are my Eyes ſtill flowing?
Why does my Heart thus trembling move?
Why do I ſigh when going,
To ſee the darling Saint I love?
Ah! ſhe is my Heav'n, and in her Eye,
The Deity:
There is no Life like what ſhe can give,
Nor any Death like taking my Leave.

Tell me no more of Glory,
To court Ambition I'll reſign;
But tell a long, long Story
Of *Celia*'s Shape, her Face, and Mien;

Speak

Speak too of Raptures, that would Life deſtroy,
To enjoy:
Had I the Kingdom, Crown, Scepter, and Ball,
For that dear Minute, I'd part with 'em all.

Judith *and* Holifernes.

WHen *Judith* had laid *Holifernes* in Bed,
She pull'd out his Falchion, and cut off his Head;
The Reaſon is plain, he'd have made her his Whore,
So ſhe cut off his Head, as I told you before,
As I told you before.

A Catch *on the* London *Watermen.*

WIll you go by Water, Sir?
I'm the next Sculler;
Go with my Fare up Weſtward, Sir,
my Boat ſhall be no fuller.
Next Oars, Sir, next Oars;
whither is't you go?
To *Fox-hall*, or *Weſtminſter*,
or through-Bridge, ho?
Pray, Maſter, trim the Boat,
and ſit a little higher;
You have a handſome Woman by you,
methinks you might ſit nigher.
Come, Boy, lay the Stretcher,
and ſit down to your Oar;
You Sir! will you change
a Rogue for a Whore?
You, Sculler! look before you!
with a Pox t' ye, hold Water!
Look! look! the Rogue runs foul of us!
remember this herea'ter!
Come, land us here at *Kings-bridge*;
Ay, Sir, if you're willing.
Here, Water-man, there's Six-pence.
Good Faith, 'tis worth a Shilling.

The

The Czar's *Health.*

DRagoons, have a Care, here's a Health to the *Czar*,
We'll all, all, we'll all do mighty *Ruſs* Reaſon:
Examine your Cup, that you drink it all up,
If you leave but one Drop, if you leave but one Drop,
'Tis High-Treaſon:
Wou'd ye drink, drink, drink, nay, drink like a *Ruſs*?
While you take it off thus,
Still with Pepper improve your weak Brandy:
And then to be juſt, to give it a Guſt,
Still, ſtill let Nitre ſupply, ſupply Sugar-candy.
Thus arm'd, let it blow, let it hail, let it ſnow,
Let it hail, let it ſnow,
It will ne'er make our Hero look thin, Sir.
Warm without with the Hair of his dear Brother Bear,
And the Cordial, the Cordial I wot on,
I wot on within, Sir.

Diana *the Goddeſs.*

Diana the Goddeſs, as ſhe ſat in a Grove,
She told them in ſhort, 'Twas a Pleaſure to love,
But her Beauty excells all the reſt of her Sex,
Tho' ſhe knows in her mind ſhe's daily perplex'd.
Then ever hereafter with Honour and Fame,
We'll ſurrender, ſurrender to *Diana*'s great Name,
To *Diana*'s great Name.

Diana is a Nymph that is charming and free,
So pleaſing, ſo delightful, ſo lovely is ſhe:
Tho' her Beauty excells all the reſt of her Sex,
Yet ſhe knows in her mind ſhe's daily perplex'd.
Then ever hereafter with Honour and Fame,
We'll ſurrender, ſurrender to *Diana*'s great Name,
To *Diana*'s great Name.

A merry

A merry Catch.

THere was an old Man had three Sons,
Had three Sons, had three Sons,
There was an old Man had three Sons,
Jeffery, *James*, and *Jack*:
Jeffery was hang'd, and *James* was drown'd,
And *Jack* was loſt, and could not be found,
And the old Man fell into a Swoon:
Come, fill's t'other Glaſs of Sack.

The Lover's Reſolution.

WHen, lovely *Phyllis*, thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind:
'Tis then I think thee ſo divine,
To exeel the mighty Powers of Wine:
But when thou art cruel, but when thou art cruel,
And laugh'ſt at my Pain,
I'll waſh it away with ſparkling Champaign;
So I'll bravely conſume both the Day and his Mother,
And drive out one God, and drive down one God,
By the Power, by the Power of another.
When Pity in thy Looks I ſee,
I freely quit my Liberty;
Perſwaſive Love ſo rules me then,
That I'd ne'er wiſh it once again:
But when thou art cruel, but when thou art cruel,
And laugh'ſt at my Care,
Then ſtrait with a Bumper I'll baniſh Deſpair.
So I'll bravely, &c.

In Praiſe of a Rural Life.

HAppy's the Swain whom bright *Aurora*
leadeth into the Field,
Where the gay Banks, adorn'd by *Flora*,
fragrant Odours yield:

While

While his Flocks are feeding by him,
on the tender Grass he lies;
No Discontent nor Cares come nigh him,
thus wrapp'd he is in silent Joys.

Amorett's *Petition.*

GEntle Night, befriend a Lover,
That long hath had his Bliss delay'd;
Long he sigh'd, his Watch is over,
See him, see him now repaid.
Thirsis, eager of possessing,
Thinks his Bride too long undressing,
While the innocent Maid,
Of her Wishes afraid,
Still delays, still delays, tho' she longs for the Blessing.

The Constant Courtier.

'TIs certain, dear *Sylvia*, the Times are now chang'd
From Beauty's soft Charms,
To follow Alarms,
And leave thy dear Arms
For a Suit of hard Armour, a Robe in War, War, War,
That makes Heroes immortal, and builds up a Monarch's Renown.
'Tis true, when I see thy dear Eyes,
Ah! then I think of those Joys
That have charm'd thy Soul and mine;
Then do I curse those busy bustling Times!
Then do I wish, that Ambition were flown
From the Court to the Camp, and let Lovers alone.

Corydon's *Rapture.*

LUcinda's lovely charming Face,
Charming Face, charming Face,
With all her Splendor free,
Sweet was the happy Time and Place,

Time

Time and Place, Time and Place,
I had her Company,
I had her Company.

To me each Minute was an Age,
Was an Age, was an Age,
So bleſs'd in Love was I;
I kiſs'd her Lips, and did engage,
Did engage, did engage
What Love could not deny,
What Love could not deny.

Love equally we ſoon expreſs'd,
Soon expreſs'd, ſoon expreſs'd,
Claſpt in each other's Arms,
My Head upon her ſnowy Breaſt,
Snowy Breaſt, ſnowy Breaſt
I laid, diſſolv'd in Charms,
I laid, diſſolv'd in Charms.

The Succeſsful Lover.

I Saw the Laſs, whom dear I lov'd,
Long ſighing and complaining;
When me ſhe ſhunn'd and diſapprov'd,
another entertaining:
Her Hands and Lips to him were free,
no Favour ſhe refus'd him;
Judge how unkind ſhe was to me,
when ſhe ſo kindly us'd him.

His Hands her Milk-white Bubbies preſt,
a Bliſs worth Kings deſiring;
His Head he lean'd upon her Breaſt,
the ſnowy Mount admiring;
'Till pleas'd to be the charming Fair,
whenas ſuch Paſſion mov'd him,
She clapt his Cheeks, and curl'd his Hair,
ſo well ſhe did approve him.

He,

He kiss'd her, 'till at length he got
Admission to her Quarters;
But what he did, I tell ye not,
for he pull'd off her Garters:
The other Thing I will not speak,
because I think 'tis evil;
Oh! pray, Sir, then she cry'd and squeak'd,
forbear, be not uncivil.

Bacchus's *Reputation.*

O Generous *Bacchus*, when by thee we are fill'd,
O generous *Bacchus*, when by thee we are fill'd,
Such active brisk Vigour in our Souls is instill'd,
As exalteth our Spirits, and makes 'em soar high,
As if they partook of thy Divinity.
For of notable Acts which Records do afford,
Done by Men of the Gown, and by those of the Sword,
They all are perform'd by the Help of the Bottle,
From great Alexander, *to grave* Aristotle.

Had the Sultan but chang'd the *Danube* for the *Rhine*,
And agreed with his Prophets for drinking of Wine,
He need not despair'd of all *Hungary* again,
Tho' oppos'd by *Bavaria*, or conqu'ring *Lorrain*:
For of notable Acts, &c.

Young Collin.

YOung *Collin* cleaving of a Beam,
At ev'ry thumping, thumping Blow, cry'd Hem!
And told his Wife, told his Wife, who the Cause wou'd know,
That Hem made the Wedge much farther go.
Plump *Joan*, at Night, when to Bed they came,
And both were playing at that same,
Cry'd, Hem, Hem, prithee, prithee, *Collin*, do,
If ever thou lovest me, Dear! Hem now!
He laughing, answer'd, No, no, no,
Some Work will split, will split with half a Blow;
Besides, now I bore, now, now I bore,
I Hem when I cleave, but now I bore.

The

The Incens'd Lover.

IRis on the Bank of *Thames*,
With a Sigh and weeping Eyes,
Said to lovely *Celimene*,
Let not Man your Heart surprize;
Men are all compos'd of Lyes.

Tho' a thousand times they swear,
And as many Vows repeat,
All they swear, is common Air,
All they promise, but Deceit;
None were ever constant yet.

Wisely then preserve your Heart,
From each Tyranny of Fate,
Which only then can act its part,
When Love has its Return of Hate,
And then Repentance comes too late.

The Jealous Lover.

FOrgive me, if your Looks I thought
did once some Change discover;
For to be jealous, is a Fault
of ev'ry tender Lover:
My Looks those kind Reproaches show,
which you blame so severely,
A Sign, alas! you little know
what 'tis to love sincerely.

The Torments of a long Despair
I did in Silence smother,
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
to think you love another.
My Fate alone depends on you,
I am but what you make me;
Securely blest, if you prove true;
undone, if you forsake me!

The

The jovial Toaper.

HAppy is the Man that takes Delight
in banqueting his Senſes,
That drinks all Day, and then at Night
the Height of Joy commences:
With Bottles arm'd we ſtand our Ground,
full Bumpers crown our Bliſſes;
Then roar and ſing the Streets around,
in ſerenading Miſſes.

By Bleſſings free and unconfin'd,
we prove, without Reproaches,
There's no Bliſs like a frolick Mind,
or Pleaſures like Debauches,
Whilſt rambling thus, new Joys we reap
in Charms of Love and Drinking;
Inſipid Fops lie drown'd in Sleep,
and the Cuckold he lies thinking.

A Song *at the Marriage of a Lady.*

JOY to the Bridegroom, fill the Sky
With pleaſing Sounds of welcome Joy;
Joy to the Bride, may laſting Bliſs,
And ev'ry Day ſtill prove like this.
Joy to the, *&c.*

Never were Marriage Joys divine,
But where two conſtant Hearts combine.
He that proves falſe, himſelf does cheat,
Like ſick Men taſtes, but cannot eat.
He that, *&c.*

What is a Maidenhead? ah, what?
Of which weak Fools ſo often prate?
'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Boaſt;
Yet ne'er was found, but when 'twas loſt.
'Tis the, *&c.*

The Prodigal's Resolution.

I Am a lusty lively Lad,
now come to one and twenty,
My Father left me all he had,
both Gold and Silver plenty.
Now he's in's Grave, I will be brave,
The Ladies shall adore me;
I'll court and kiss, what Hurt's in this?
My Dad did so before me.

My Father was a thrifty Sir,
'till Soul and Body sunder'd;
Some say, he was an Usurer
for thirty in a hundred.
He scrap'd and scratch'd, she pinch'd and patch'd,
that in her Body bore me;
But I'll let fly, good Cause why,
My Father was born before me.

The Miller's Delight.

HOW happy's the Mortal
that lives by his Mill,
That depends on his own,
not on Fortune's Wheel;
By Slight of his Hand,
and the Strength of his Back,
How merrily, how merrily
his Mill goes *Clack, Clack, Clack.*
How, &c.

If his Wife proves a Scold,
as too often 'tis seen;
For she may be a bold,
Sing GOD bless the Queen:
With his Hand to the Mill
and his Shoulder to the Sack,
He drowns all the Discord
In his Musical *Clack, Clack, Clack,*
He, &c.

O'er

O'er your Wives and your Daughters
he often prevails,
By ſticking a Cog of a Foot
in their Tails;
Whilſt the Hoyden ſo willingly
he lays on her Back,
And all the while he ſticks it in,
the Stones cry *Clack, Clack, Clack,*
And all the while, &c.

The Angler's SONG.

OF all the Recreations which
attend on Humane Nature,
There's none that is of ſo high a Pitch,
or is of ſuch a Stature,
As is the ſubtle Angler's Life,
in all Mens Approbation;
For Anglers Tricks do daily mix
in every Corporation.

Whilſt *Eve* and *Adam* liv'd in Love,
and had no Cauſe of Jangling,
The Devil did the Waters move,
the Serpent went to Angling:
He baits his Hook with God-like Look,
thought he, This will intangle her;
By this all ye may plainly ſee,
that the Devil was firſt an Angler.

The Virgin's Complaint.

YOung I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a Lover yield;
How to keep, or how to gain,
When to love, and when to feign:
Take me, take me, ſome of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E'er I can my Soul diſguiſe,
Heave my Breaſt, heave my Breaſt, and rowl my Eyes.

Stay

Stay not 'till I learn the Way
How to lye and to betray:
He that loves me first, is bleſt,
For I may deceive the reſt.
Cou'd I find a blooming Youth,
Full of Love, and full of Truth;
Brisk, and of a *Jantee* Meen,
I ſhou'd long, I ſhou'd long to be Fifteen.

The Lover's Death.

AS gazing on *Amia's* Eyes,
young *Carlion* did lie;
Strange Raptures did his Heart ſurprize,
and fain the Youth would die:
His Soul was eager to be gone,
and with reſiſtleſs Charms;
And being loath to die alone,
caught *Phyllis* in his Arms.

The Nymph, who long had ſtrove in vain
for Death, as well as he,
Cry'd out, My Shepherd, ſtay a while,
and I will die with thee.
With that, they both together dy'd,
but with ſuch little Pain,
They both reviv'd, and inſtantly
prepar'd to die again.

A Maggot.

HOW long ſhall I be in this Mind? this Mind,
Is totally in your own Power, own Power;
I could paſs all my Days with a kind, a kind—
But I'll part with a proud—in an Hour, an Hour:
So if you'll be good-natur'd and civil, and civil,
You'll find I can be ſo too, ſo too;
But if not, you may go to the Devil, the Devil,
Or the Devil may come to you, to you.

The

The Paſſionate Lover.

I Love thee more and more each Day,
fairest of earthly Creatures,
In Temples I forget to pray,
by gazing on thy Features.
Thy Face does my free Will controul,
in thee I've Preſervation;
Take Pity then, and ſave thy Dear;
have Pity then, and ſave her from Vexation.

Heaven gave to Man in Paradiſe
Bleſſings that were uncommon;
But all were Trifles, to the Bliſs
of Soul-delighting Woman.
Love me, whate'er muſt be my Doom,
'Tis thee I am ſtill purſuing;
Love me, or elſe I am undone,
I am undone; oh! love, or elſe I'm ruin'd.

The Harmonious Lovers.

YOU Mortals in Love, come, all ſing and dance
To *Venus* the Goddeſs, and *Cupid* her Boy;
In your moſt ſprightly briſk Meaſures advance,
and briskly reſolve upon nothing but Joy:
For Muſick and Love ſhould both have their Parts,
Tho' Love is no more than a Conſort of Hearts.
For Muſick and Love ſhould, &c.

When Hearts meet together, and Pulſes all beat,
then, then our Allegiance to *Cupid* we prove;
The whole vaſt Creation was ſtruck at a Heat,
and form'd, and form'd into Beauty by Love.
Then whilſt the World laſts, Love and Joy reigns by turns,
They lov'd, 'twas drown'd, and we'll kiſs 'till it burns.
Then whilſt the World laſts, &c.

The

The Lover's Proteſtation.

BY all the Powers, I love you ſo,
Nothing's ſo dear to me below;
For when your Frowns I would forſake,
Some Angel comes, and calls me back.
Order my Heart not ſo full of Eaſe,
But you may break it whenever you pleaſe;
For it is noble, and will rather dare
To die, than to languiſh in Deſpair.
For it is noble, &c.

Then do not ſtrive thus my poor Heart for to break;
But grant me Life, and lengthen my Days,
That I may live to ſet forth thy Praiſe.
Come, my dear Soul, come, my dear Soul,
Let thee and I, thee and I now
For ever be united, united in Love;
For I am certain, that it will be
Pleaſing unto the Powers above.

The contented Lover.

LET Monarchs fight for Power and Fame,
With Noiſe and Arms Mankind alarm;
Let daily Fears their Quiet fright,
And Care diſturb their Reſt at Night;
Greatneſs ſhall ne'er my Soul inthral,
Give me Content, and I have all.

Hear, mighty *Jove*, to thee I call,
Give me *Aſtrea*, ſhe's my all;
That ſoft, that ſweet, that charming Pair,
Nothing can hurt me, but Deſpair:
She's Wealth and Power, and only ſhe,
Aſtrea's all the World to me.

Amyntor's *Petition to* Cupid.

SPare, mighty Love, oh! ſpare a Slave,
That at your Feet for Mercy cry;

What

What would the cruel *Cupid* have?
ſee how I bleed, ſee how I die:
Upon ſome nobler Conqueſt, go
that's for thy Glory, and thy Peace;
Oh! make the charming *Celia* know
the Pain ſhe now regardleſs ſees.
Dip all thine Arrows in my Tears,
and ſurely poyſon ſo each Dart,
That ſpight of all the Charms ſhe bears,
the pointed Steel may reach her Heart.
Revenge, revenge the Wounds ſhe gave,
and let our Fortunes ſo agree,
That I may have my Cure from her,
and ſhe may need as much from me.

The Maiden's Choice.

A Soldier and a Sailor,
A Tinker and a Taylor,
Had once a doubtful Strife, Sir,
To make a Maid a Wife, Sir,
Whoſe Name was buxom *Joan*,
Whoſe Name was buxom *Joan*.
For now the Time was ended,
When ſhe no more intended
To lick her Lips at Men, Sir,
And gnaw the Sheets in vain Sir,
And lie a'Nights alone,
And lie, *&c.*
The Soldier ſwore like Thunder,
He lov'd her more than Plunder,
And ſhew'd her many a Scar, Sir,
Which he had brought from far, Sir,
With fighting for her Sake,
With fighting, *&c.*
The Taylor thought to pleaſe her,
By offering her his Meaſure;
The Tinker too with Metal,
Said, he could mend her Kettle,

And

d ſtop up e'ery Leak,
l ſtop, &c.

hile theſe three were prating,
Sailor ſtily waiting,
ght, if it came about, Sir,
t they ſhould all fall out, Sir,
e then might play his Part,
e then, &c.

juſt e'en as he meant, Sir,
Logger-heads they went, Sir,
d then he let fly at her
hot 'twixt VVind and VVater,
ich won this fair Maid's Heart,
hich won, &c.

The Bonny Milk-Maid.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods,
VVhen Spring newly blown,
Her ſelf doth adorn,
VVith Flowers and blooming Buds;
Come, ſing in the Praiſe,
VVhilſt Flocks do graze
In yonder's pleaſant Vale,
Of thoſe that chuſe
Their Sleep to loſe,
And in cold Dews,
VVith clouted Shooes,
Do carry the Milking-Pail.
The Goddeſs of the Morn
VVith Bluſhes they adorn,
And take the freſh Air,
VVhilſt Linnets prepare
A Conſort on each green Thorn;
The Blackbird and Thruſh
On every Buſh,
And the charming Nightingale,

In merry Vein
Their Throats do ſtrain,
To entertain
The jolly Train
That carry the Milking-Pail.

When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can ſpring no more,
The Fields that were ſeen
So pleaſant and green,
By Winter all candi'd o'er.
Oh! how the Town-Laſs
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly Pale;
But it is not ſo
With thoſe that go
Through Froſt and Snow,
With Cheeks that glow,
To carry the Milking-Pail.

The Charming Bride.

THE Danger is over, is over, is over, the Danger (is over,
The Battel, the Battel, the Battel, the Battel is paſt;
The Nymph had her Fears, the Nymph had her Fears,
But ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ventur'd, ſhe ven- (tur'd at laſt:
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She ſmil'd, ſhe ſmil'd at her Folly, and own'd ſhe had (won:
By her Eyes, we diſcover the Bride has been pleas'd, (been pleas'd,
Her Bluſhes become her, her Paſſion is eas'd;
She diſſembles her Joy, and affects to look down, down, (down, down,
If ſhe ſighs, 'tis for Sorrow, for Sorrow, for Sorrow, (for Sorrow 'tis ended ſo ſoon.
Appear all ye Virgins, ye Virgins, ye Virgins, appear (all ye Virgins,

Both

Both aged, both aged, both aged, both aged, and young;
And you that have carry'd, and you that have carry'd,
That Burthen, that Burthen, that Burthen, that Burthen too long;
Who loſt precious Time, and you who are loſing,
Betray'd, betray'd by your Fears, 'twixt doubting and chooſing;
Draw near, and learn what will ſettle your Mind,
You'll find, you'll find your ſelves happy, when once you are kind.
Do but wiſely reſolve the ſweet Venture to run, run, run, run,
The Loſs will be little, be little, be little, be little, and much to be won.

The Indifferent Lover.

FOR *Iris* I ſigh, and hourly die,
But not for a Lip, nor a languiſhing Eye:
She's fickle and falſe, and there we agree;
O theſe are the Vertues that captivate me!

We neither believe what either can ſay,
And neither believing, we neither betray.
'Tis eaſie to ſwear, and ſay Things of Courſe,
We mean not the taking for better for worſe.

When preſent, we love; when abſent, agree;
I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me.
The Legend of Love, no Couple can find
So eaſie to part, and ſo eaſily joyn'd.

Coy Cælia's Cruelty.

CÆlia, that I once was bleſt,
Is now the Torment of my Breaſt,
Since to cure me, you bereave me
Of the Pleaſure I poſſeſt.
Cruel Creature, to deceive me,
Firſt to love, and then to leave me;
Cruel Creature, &c.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the Want;
But possessing once the Blessing,
Is the Cause of my Complaint:
Once possessing, is but tasting,
'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting,
Once possessing, &c.

Celia now is mine no more,
But I am her's, and must adore;
Not to leave her, will endeavour,
Charms that captiv'd me before:
No Unkindness can discover,
Love that's true, is Love for ever.
No Unkindness, &c.

Cupid's Kingdom.

WEre I to chuse the greatest Bliss,
Were I to chuse the greatest Bliss
that e'er in Love was known,
'Twould be the highest of my Wish
to en———joy her Heart alone.
Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,
and Crowns un-envy'd wear,
They should no Rival have of me;
No, no,
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there;
They should no Rival have of me,
No, no,
They should no Rival,
They should no Rival have of me,
might I reign Monarch there.

Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
Hear, *Cynthia*, hear the gentle Air,
but whisper out my Love,
And prove but half so kind as fair,
my Sor———rows you'll remove;
Cynthia, O let us happy be,

Unite

Unite our Hearts in Love,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity,
No, no,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity,
for all the Joys above;
I'd change not ſuch Felicity,
No, no,
I'd change not ſuch,
I'd change not ſuch Felicity,
for all the Joys above.

Cruel Cælia.

NO, no, poor ſuffering Heart, no Change endeavour;
Chuſe to ſuſtain the Smart, rather than leave her:
My raviſh'd Eyes behold ſuch Charms about her,
I can die with her, but not live without her.

One tender Sigh from her to ſee me languiſh,
Will more than pay the Price of my paſt Anguiſh.
Beware, O cruel Fair, how you ſmile on me;
'Twas a kind look of thine, that has undone me.

Love has in ſtore for me one happy Minute,
And ſhe muſt end my Pain that did begin it:
Then ſo divine a Bliſs, and Pleaſures leaving,
Ages will ſlide away, without perceiving.

Cupid ſhall guard the Door, the more to pleaſe her,
And keep out Time & Age when they would ſeize her.
Time and Death ſhall depart, and ſay, when flying,
Love has found out a way to live by dying.

In Praiſe of a Country Life.

IN the Field in Froſt and Snows,
Watching late and early,
There I kept my Father's Cows,
There I milk 'em yearly;
Booing here, booing there,
Here a boo, there a boo, ev'ry where a boo,
We defy all Care and Strife,
In a charming Country Life.

Then at home, amongst the Fowls,
watching late and early
There I tend my Father's Owls,
there I feed 'em yearly;
whooing here, whooing there,
Here a whoo, there a whoo, ev'ry where a whoo,
we defy all Care and Strife,
in a charming Country Life.

When we Summer Fleeces heap,
watching late and early,
Then I sheer my Father's Sheep,
then I keep 'em yearly;
Baeing here, Baeing there,
Here a Bae, there a Bae, ev'ry where a Bae,
we defy all Care and Strife,
in a charming Country Life.

Lock all fast.

I Am come to lock all fast,
Love without me cannot last:
Love, like Counsels of the Wise,
Must be hid from vulgar Eyes;
'Tis holy, 'tis holy, and we must, we must conceal it,
They prophane it, they prophane it, who reveal it.

What is promised in Love,
Is recorded still above,
And whatever Vow we make,
Let us keep it for true Love's sake: (own it;
'Tis binding, 'tis binding, and we still, we still must
They are perjur'd, they are perjur'd who disown it.

The Scotch *Hay-makers.*

'TWas within a Furlong of *Edinborough* Town,
In the rosy Time o'th' Year, when the Grass was down,
Bonny *Jockey* blith and gay, said to *Jenny* making Hay,
Let's

Let's sit a little, Dear, and prattle, 'tis a sultry Day:
He long had courted the black-brow'd Maid,
But *Jockey* was a Wag, and would ne'er consent to wed;
Which made her pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

He told her Marriage was grown a mere Joak,
And that no one wedded, but the scoundrel Folk;
Yes, my Dear, you shall prevail, but I know not what (I ail,
I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs, with Bottles (at their Tail;

But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty silly Foal to ride out and take the Air,
If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo, and cry it will not do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle too.

The discontented Lover.

HOw vile are the sordid Intriegues of the Town?
Cheating and lying perpetually sway,
From the blue Cap, to the politick Gown,
In plotting and sotting they waste the Day.
All their Discourse is of foreign Affairs,
The *French* and the Wars,
Is always their Cry;
Marriage, alas! is declining,
And I a poor Virgin lie pining.
A Curse of their Jarring what Luck have I?
I thought a young Trader, by ogling Charms,
Into my conjugal Fetters to bring;
I planted my Snare too, for one that lov'd Arms,
But found his Design was another Thing.
From the Court-Province, down to the dull Cits,
Both Cullies and Wits,
Of Marriage are shy:
Great are the Sins of the Nation,
A Shame of the wretched Occasion,
A Curse of the Monsieurs, what Luck have I?

The Lover's Complaint to Druſilla.

STill I'm wiſhing, ſtill deſiring,
Still ſhe's giving, I requiring;
Yet each Gift I think too ſmall;
Still the more I am preſented,
Still the leſs I am contented,
Tho' ſhe vows ſhe's given me all.
Can *Druſilla* give no more?
Has ſhe laviſh'd all her Store?
Muſt my Hopes to nothing fall?
Ah! you know not half your Treaſure!
Give me more, give over Meaſure,
Yet you'll never give me all.

The Princely Courtſhip.

WHAT ſhall I do to ſhew how much I love her?
How many Millions of Sighs can ſuffice?
That which wins other Hearts, never can move her,
Thoſe common Methods of Love ſhe'll deſpiſe.
I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night,
'Till for her own Sake, at laſt ſhe'll implore me
To love her leſs, to preſerve our Delight.
Since Gods themſelves cannot ever be loving,
Men muſt have breathing Recruits for new Joys;
I wiſh my Love could be always improving,
Though eager Love more than Sorrow deſtroys.
In fair *Aurelia*'s Arms, leave me expiring
To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath,
To the laſt Moment, I'll ſtill be deſiring,
Never had *Hero* ſo glorious a Death.

Aurelia's *Lamentation.*

PIty a helpleſs Virgin's Tears,
Ye Powers above, and eaſe my Moan;
See how I ſigh, ſee how I grieve,
Since that *Amyntor*'s from me gone:

Oh!

Oh cruel Fate! to me unkind,
to take my only Joy again,
And leave *Aurelia* here behind,
to ſigh and languiſh Life away.
How could you ſo ingrateful be,
to go and leave me here behind?
You might have taken Leave of me,
when I to you have been ſo kind.
'Tis not as I expected, when
you told me, you lov'd none but me:
Oh! had I not believ'd you then,
I never more had thought on thee.

The Country Dialogue.

He. WHere Oxen do low,
And Apples do grow;
Where Corn is ſown,
And Graſs is mown;
Where Pigeons do fly,
And Rooks neſtle high,
Fate, give me for Life a Place.
She. Where Hay is well cock'd,
And Udders are ſtroak'd;
Where Duck and Drake
Cry, Quack, quack, quack;
Where Turkeys lay Eggs,
And Sows ſuckle Pigs,
Oh! there I will paſs my Days.

He. On nought we will feed,
She. But what we do breed,
And wear on our Backs,
He. The Wooll of our Flocks;
She. And though Linen feel
Rough ſpun from the Wheel,
'Tis cleanly, tho' coarſe it comes.
He. Town Follies, and Cullies,
And *Mollies* and *Dollies*,
For ever adieu, and for ever;

She. And Beaux that in Boxes
Lie ſmugling their Doxies,
With Wigs that hang down to their Bums.

He. Good-by to the *Moll*,
The Park and Canal,
St. *James's* Square,
And Flaunters there;
The Gaming-houſe, too,
Where high Dice and low,
Are manag'd by all Degrees.

She. Adieu to the Knight,
That was bubbl'd laſt Night,
That keeps a Blouze,
And beats his Spouſe,
And now in great haſte
To pay what he's loſt,
Sends home to cut down his Trees.

He. And well-fare the Lad,

She. Improves ev'ry Clod;

He. That ne'er ſets his Hand
To Bill or to Bond;

She. Nor barters his Flocks
For Wine or the Pox,
To chouſe him of half his Days.

He. But Fiſhing and Fowling,
And Hunting and Bowling,
His Paſtime is ever and ever;

She. Whoſe Lips when you buſs 'em,
Smell like the Bean-bloſſom,
Oh! he 'tis ſhall have my Praiſe!

He. To the Tavern, where goes
Sowr Apples and Sloes,
A long Adieu;
And farewell too
The Houſe of the Great,
Whoſe Cook has no Meat,
And Butler can't quench my Thirſt.

She. Good-by to the 'Change, Where

Where Rantepoles range:
Farewel cold Tea,
And Ratafea;
Hide-park too, where Pride
In Coaches do ride,
Altho' they be choak'd with Duſt.
He. Farewel the Law-Gown,
She. The Plague of the Town,
He. And Foe to the Crown,
That ſhould be run down,
She. With City Jack-daws,
That make ſtaple Laws,
To meaſure by Yards and Ells;
He. Stock-Jobbers and Swabbers,
And Packers, and Tackers,
For ever adieu, ay, for ever.
Cho. We know what you're doing,
And Home were both going,
And ſo you may ring the Bells.

The Happy Pair.

Anthe the lovely, the Joy of a Swain,
By *Iphis* was lov'd, and lov'd *Iphis* again:
She liv'd in the Youth, and the Youth in the Fair,
Their Pleaſure was equal, and equal their Care;
No Time of Enjoyment their Dotage withdrew;
But the longer they liv'd, but the longer they liv'd,
Still the fonder they grew.

A Paſſion ſo happy, alarm'd all the Plain,
Some envy'd the Nymph, but more envy'd the Swain;
Some ſwore 'twould be Pity, their Loves to invade,
That the Lovers alone for each other was made;
But all conſented, that none ever knew
A Nymph yet ſo kind, a Nymph yet ſo kind,
Or a Shepherd ſo true.
For in the Beginning of Love, we do find
They ſtrove in their Love, which ſhould prove ſtill moſt kind.

The

The Swain and the Nymph, by the Dawn of the Day,
With innocent Love, past the Minutes away
In each others Arms, give these Lovers their due,
They always were constant, they always were con-
And always were true. (stant,

The Answer.

Janthe the ugly of *Rosemary-Lane*,
She frown'd upon *Rakish*, he kick'd her again;
A sort of a strange Salutation was there,
She curs'd him, he kick'd her, she pull'd by the Hair;
Like Furies in Wrath at each other they flew, (still
The longer they fought, still the longer they fought,
the fiercer they grew.

They both had been toping, toping had made
Young *Rakish* as drunk as *Janthe* the Jade;
The powerful Strength of *Geneva* and *Ale*, (Tail;
Made *Rakish* strike *Janthe*, and *Janthe* scorn'd to turn
Like Furies in Wrath, at each other they flew,
The longer they fought, still, &c.

She call'd him Cuckold, he call'd her Whore;
She seiz'd on his Throat, and her Waistcoat he tore;
Her Toppings and Petticoats all went to rack,
He fought like a Dragon, she stood to the Tack,
Like Furies in Wrath, at each other they flew,
The longer they fought, still, &c.

The Jolly Breese.

THE jolly jolly Breese,
That came whistling thro' the Trees,
Forth all a—ll her blissful Region brings
Perfu—mes upon her spicy Wings,
And with her wanton, wanton, wanton,
Wanton, wanton, wanton Motion,
Curling, curling, curling, curling, the crystal Hills
That down, down, down, down, down the Hills,
Are still, still a running, still, still a running,

Still,

Still, still a running, still a running down the golden (purling Streams.
A lovely charming Maid,
Whom *Cupid* had betray'd,
By the pur—ling Stream late lamenting for her Dear,
A blaming cruel Fate for being so severe,
Sighing, my *Strephon* he has left me;
Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure, Joy and Pleasure,
Joy and Pleasure I must bid adieu,
Since that, that, that, that, my Love has prov'd untrue,
While I by this River, I by this River, I by this River,
I by this River, still am much oppress'd with Sorrow.

The Richmond *Recreation.*

STrike up, drowsy Gut-scrapers,
Gallants be ready, each with his Lady,
Foot it about, till the Night be run out,
Let no one's Humour pall;
Brisk Lads, now cut your Capers,
Put your Legs to't, and shew you can do't!
Frisk, frisk it away, till Break of Day,
And hey for *Richmond* Ball.
Fortune-biters, Hags, Bum-fighters,
Nymphs of the Woods, and stale City-Goods;
Ye Cherubims and Seraphims,
Ye Caravans and Haradans,
In Order all advance.
Twittenham Loobies, *Thistleworth* Boobies,
Wits of the Town, and Beaus that have none;
Ye *Jacobites* as sharp as Pins,
Ye Monsieurs, and ye Shooterkins,
I'll teach you all the Dance.
Cast off, *Tom*, behind *Johnny*;
Do the same *Nancy*, Eyes are upon ye;
Trip in between little *Dicky* and *Jane*,
And set in the second Row;
Then, then cast back you must too,
And in the first Row nimbly thrust through;

Then

Then, then turn about to the Left, or ye're out,
And meet with your Love below,
Pass then a-cross; then *Jockey*'s pretty Lass,
Then turn her about, about and about;
And *Jack*, if you can do so too
With *Betty* whilst the Time is true,
We'll all your Ear commend;
Still there's more to lead all four,
Two by *Nancy* stand, and give her your Hand
Then cast her quickly down below,
And meet her in the second Row,
The Dance is at an End.

The Lover's Guide.

WOuld you have a young Virgin of fifteen Years,
You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and (Dears;
Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
Sing a Love Sonnet, and charm her Ears:
Wittily; prettily talk her down,
Chase her and praise her, if fair or brown; (her;
Sooth her and smooth her, and teaze her and please
And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.
Would you have her the Lady of your Delight,
You must wait at her Lodgings both Noon and Night;
You must ogle, and bring her your Musick, Musick;
Tell her you die when she's out of Sight:
Bless her and dress her in silken Gown,
Take her and make her sit fairly down,
Squeeze her and please her, and ogle and cogle,
Then have at her Wim-wham, and all's your own.
Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man;
With a front of Assurance come boldly on;
Let her rest not an Hour, but quickly, quickly
Put her in Mind how her Time steals on:
Rattle and prattle, altho' she frown,

Rouze

Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon;
Shew her some Hour you're able to grapple,
Then get out her Writings, and all's your own.

Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality;
You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her
Pleasure's best Charm is Variety:
Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
Try her and ply her, when Cully's gone;
Dog her, and jog her, and meet her, and treat her,
And kiss with two Guineas, and all's your own.

The Bashful Lover.

YE Woods and Groves, and purling Streams,
Come help me to lament my Fate,
I love a Lad, and he loves not me,
What shall I do? my self I hate.
Ah! Fool as I am, for to doat on a Man
That won't love me, do what I can.

But I'll to him gang, and let him ken
The dismal State that I live in:
Perhaps it may yield me some Relief,
And ease my Pain, to tell my Grief:
But no, it must not be, it will gain unto me
The muckle Disdain of a poor Lassee.

But why should I my self condear,
Since there's not one that can with him compare?
Had I ten thousand Hearts in one,
I'd give them all to him in share:
But ah! how I blush when I think upon
A Woman courting of a Man!

The

The Sham-Doctor.

SEE, Sirs, see here, a Doctor rare,
who travels much at home!
Here take my Bills, I cure all Ills,
past, present, and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
the Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
and all, all, all, all, *Pandora*'s Box.

Thousands I've dissected, thousands new erected,
and such Cures effected, as none e'er can tell.
Let the Palsie shake ye, let the Cholick rack ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye, let the Murrain take ye,
take this, take this, and you are well.
Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen,
come Beaus who've sprain'd your Backs,
Great-belly'd Maids, old-founder'd Jades,
and pepper'd vizard Cracks.

I soon remove the Pains of Love,
and cure the Love-sick Maid;
The Hot, the Cold, the Young, the Old,
the Living and the Dead.
I clear the Lass with wainscot Face,
and from Pimginets free
Plump Ladies red, like *Saracen*'s Head,
with toaping Ratafea.
This with a Jirk will do your Work,
and scour you o'er and o'er,
Read, judge, and try, and if you die,
never believe me more.

The Saylor's SONG.

JUST coming from Sea, our Spouses and we,
We Punch it, we Punch it, we Punch it,
We Punch it, we Punch it aboard with Couragio;

We

We ſing, laugh, and cling, and in Hammocks we (ſwing,
And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we (ſwing,
We ſing, laugh and cling, and in Hammocks we (ſwing;
And hay, hay, hay, hay, hay, my brave Boys, Bonviagio.

A Scotch Song.

FArewel by bonny, bonny, witty, pretty *Meggy*,
and aw the roſy Laſſes milking on the Down;
Adieu the floury Meadows, late ſo dear to *Jockey*,
the Sports and merry Glee of *Edinburgh* Town.
Since *French* and *Spaniſh* Loon ſtand at Bay,
and valiant Lads of *Britain* hold 'em Play,
My Reap-huke I mun throw quite away,
and fight too like a Man.
Among 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.
Each carle of *Iriſh* Metal battles like a Dragoon:
the *German* waddles and ſtraddles to the Drum,
The *Italian* and the butter'd bowzy Hogan Mogan,
Gud ſeth then *Scottiſh Jockey* may not lig at Home:
For ſince they're ganging to hunt Renown,
and ſwear they'll quickly ding the Monſieur down,
I'll follow for a Pluck at his Crown,
to ſhew that *Scotland* can,
Excel 'em for our Royal Queen *Anne*.
Then welcome from *Vigo*,
And Cudgelling *Don Diego*,
With bouget Raſcallions,
And pland ring the Galleons;
Each brisk valiant Fellow
Fought at *Rodendallo*,
And thoſe who did meet,
With the *Newfound-land* Fleet,

Then

Then for late Successes,
Which *Europe* confesses,
At Land, by our gallant Commanders;
The *Dutch* in strong Beer,
Should be drunk for one Year,
With their General's Health in *Flanders*.

The Jolly Sailors.

BLow *Boreas*, blow, and let the surly Winds
make the Billows foam and roar;
Thou can'st no Terror breed in valiant Minds
But in spight of thee, we'll live and find the Shoar.
Chear up, my Mates, and be not dull,
but keep the Gun-room clear;
Tho' Hell's broke loose, and the Devil roars abroad,
While we have Sea-room here, Boys, never fear.
Hey! how she tosses up afar!
Her mounting Top-mast touch'd a Star;
The Meteors blaz'd as through the Clouds we came,
And, Salamander like, we liv'd in Flame:
When Flashes of Lightning, and Tempests of Rain,
Do fiercely contend which shall conquer the Main;
And the Captain doth swear, instead of a Prayer,
And the Sea is all on fire by the *Damons* o'th' Air,
We'll drink and defie the mad Spirits that flie,
From the Deep to the Sky;
And we'll sing while the Thunder does bellow;
For Fate still will have a kind Chance for the Brave,
And ne'er make his Grave, in a salt-water Wave,
To drown, drown, never to drown,
No, never to drown a good Fellow.

Pretty

Pretty Poll.

PRetty Parrot say, when I was away,
And in dull Absence pass'd the Day,
What at Home was doing,
With Chat and Play,
We are gay,
Night and Day,
Good Cheer and Mirth renewing,
Singing, laughing all, singing, laughing all,
Like pretty, pretty *Poll.*

Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
And like a fawcy Lover, would
Court and teaze my Lady;
A Thing, you know,
Made for Show,
Call'd a Beau,
Near her was always ready,
Ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty *Poll.*

Tell me with what Air he approach'd the Fair,
And how she could with Patience bear
All he did and utter'd:
He still address'd,
And caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd,
Sung, prattled, laugh'd and flutter'd,
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty, pretty *Poll,*

Did he go away at the Close of Day?
Or did he ever use to stay
In a Corner dodging?
The want of Light,
When 'twas Night,
Spoil'd my Sight:
But I believe his Lodging,
Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty *Poll.*

THE

The MODISH Dancing-Master; OR, Brief and Plain INSTRUCTIONS for Dancing Country-Dances.

Hedge-Lane.

First and second Couple set, first Couple lead down, the second Couple cast up, go all four abreast, the second Man lead the first Man round him, and the second Woman the same to the first, both at one time: So the first Man turn right Hand with the second Woman, and the second Man the same with the first Woman, the first Couple take Hands and turn round between the second Couple, the second Couple at the same time casting up.

The Opera.

First Couple change Sides, first Man and second Woman take Hands, turn half round; second Man and first Woman do the same, both Couples falling back, cross over, turn hands again upwards; cross over again; second Couple do the Hay, then Right and Left, and Back to Back.

The Grenadier's March.

First Couple cross over one Couple, then another lead up between two Couple, cast off one Couple, cross hands round, lead down, another Couple cast up, hands round again, lead up between the second Couple, cast off, ring hands round again, and that's done.

Excuse

Excuſe me.

First Couple croſs over and ring hands round; ſecond Couple do the ſame: firſt Man and ſecond Woman ſet and turn ſingle; ſecond Man and firſt Woman do the ſame; firſt Couple croſs over and figure in, the ſecond Couple do the double Figure.

Prince George.—

Change ſides: Firſt Man and firſt Woman ſet, ſecond Couple do the ſame; firſt Man and ſecond VVoman go right hands round; ſecond Man and VVoman do the ſame, then the firſt Couple croſs over and meet between the ſecond, and all four lead up a-breaſt; then the firſt Couple caſting down, all four clap hands, and a Ring round ends the Dance.

How happy's he.

The firſt Man go round his Partner on the inner-ſide of her, ſecond Woman at the ſame time go round her Partner, then hands round, and fall in their proper Places; the ſecond Man and firſt VVoman do the ſame; the firſt Man changes Place with the ſecond Man, and firſt VVoman with the ſecond Man, and ſo round, 'till the firſt Man meets his Partner, then take her by the hand and fall in their proper Places; ſecond Couple do the like; then the firſt Man take his Partner by the Hand, and lead up, then lead down, between the ſecond Couple, and remain below them, the ſecond Couple at the ſame time caſting up; then let the ſecond Man change Places with the firſt Man, and go round as before, leading up, and then down between the firſt Couple, not remaining below them as they did below you, but caſt up, and that compleats the Dance.

Barley.

Firſt Man with his right Hand takes his Partner by the Left, and leads her round the ſecond Couple on the out-ſide; then firſt Man and ſecond VVoman ſet and turn ſingle, and right hands round; ſecond Couple do the ſame.

The

The Dragoons March.

First Couple croſs over two Couples, then take hands and lead up two Couple, then caſt down one Couple, and taking hands, turn about, then lead between the next Couple (which is the third Couple) and caſt up; take hands again, and turn round, then lead up between the firſt Couple, and caſting off the ſame, take hands and turn about: And ſo ends the Dance.

The Opera.

Change ſides; firſt Man takes the ſecond Woman by both her hands, and turns her half round, ſecond Man and firſt Woman do the like at the ſame time; then both Couple fall a little back, and croſs over; do this over again till you come as you were; then both Couples do the Hay, Right and Left, back to back, both Couples ſet, firſt Couple caſting off, and the next leading up, ends the Dance.

Spaniſh *Jig.*

Firſt Couple ſet, caſt off; ſecond Couple lead up at the ſame time; ſet, caſt off; firſt Man and ſecond Woman right hands round, ſecond Man and firſt Woman do the like; firſt Couple take hands and ſlide down between the ſecond Couple, and back again; caſt off, and go the double Figure, and ſo it ends.

Excuſe me.

Firſt Couple croſs over, and turn round two or three times, ſecond Couple do the like; firſt Man ſet to the ſecond Woman, and turn ſingle; ſecond Man and firſt Woman the ſame; firſt Couple croſs over, and figure in, and the ſecond Couple go the double Figure. Thus ends the Dance.

Hey ho my Honey.

Firſt Man caſt off, and come up between the ſecond Couple, his Partner following him: He leads up by himſelf, his Partner being between the ſecond Couple, who all three hand in hand follow him; then he

turns

turns about, ſets to his Partner, and goes round (between) the ſecond Woman and his Partner, round the ſecond Man, then ſet again, and croſs over below the ſecond Couple.

Valentine's Day.

Change Sides; firſt Couple lead up, and the ſecond down at the ſame time, when they lead back again and meet, the firſt Man taking the ſecond Woman by her left hand, the ſecond Man the firſt VVoman, they lead from each other to the ſide of the Room, then leading back again, the two VVomen change Places, Men the like; then both Couples falling back, immediately croſs over, and VVomen turn Back to Back and clap Hands, Men the ſame; then all four turn their Faces, clap Hands, and a Ring round; ſo ends.

Lille Burlero.

Firſt Couple hand in hand, lead down between the ſecond, caſting up immediately; the ſecond Couple lead up between the firſt Couple and caſt down, firſt Man and ſecond VVoman change ſides, ſecond Man and firſt VVoman the like; then all four a Ring half round, and turn ſingle; two Men back to back, two VVomen back to back, then Right and Left, &c.

Jovial Beggar.

Firſt Man caſt off, his Partner falling, he goes on the out-ſide of (or round) the ſecond VVoman, his Partner between the ſecond Couple; then ſhe being in her Partner's Place, caſts off her Partner following, ſhe going round the ſecond VVoman into her own Place, and he between the ſecond Couple into his Place, the firſt Couple take Hands, and lead between the ſecond, and back again, caſting off, they all four fall back, meet again and turn ſingle, go a Ring round, ſo ends.

Margery-Cree in three Parts.

Firſt Part thus; firſt Man ſides with his Partner, then right Hands round, ſo to the next.

Second

Second thus; firſt Man takes his Partner by both her hands, turns her half round, then they ſet; he turns her round again, ſo ends.

Third Part is, Right and Left all round.

Barley.

The firſt Man with his right Hand takes his Partner by her Left, and leads her round the ſecond Man; then the firſt Woman ſets to the ſecond Man, and turn round ſingle, then right Hands round; firſt Man and ſecond Woman do the ſame.

Green Sleeves.

Change ſides; firſt Man and ſecond Woman ſide to one another, and go right Hands round, firſt Woman and ſecond Man do the ſame; then the firſt Couple croſs over behind the ſecond Couple, and turn round, then they lead up, and caſting off, turn round again; ſo it ends.

FINIS

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE *Queen's Royal Cookery; or, Expert and ready Ways for the dreſſing of all ſorts of Fleſh, Fowl, Fiſh, either bak'd, boil'd, roaſted, ſtew'd, fry'd, broil'd, haſh'd, fricaſy'd, carbonaded, forc'd, collar'd, ſous'd, dry'd, &c. after the beſt and neweſt Way; with their ſeveral Sauſes and Salads. And making all ſorts of Pickles: Alſo, making Variety of Pies, Paſties, Tarts, Cheeſe-Cakes, Cuſtards, Creams, &c. With the Art of preſerving and candying of Fruits and Flowers; and the making of Conſerves, Syrups, Jellies, and Cordial Waters. Alſo making ſeveral ſorts of* Engliſh *Wines, Syder, Mead, Metheglin. Together with ſeveral coſmetick or beautifying Waters: And alſo, ſeveral ſorts of Eſſences and ſweet Waters, by Perſons of the higheſt Quality.* By T. Hall, *Free Cook of* London. *Printed for* C. Bates *in* Giltſpur-ſtreet, *and* A. Bettesworth *in* Paternoſter-Row. Price Bound 1 *s.*